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DARLING & KEITH,

34 Merchants Row, Boston, Mass.

Editorial.

NO STANDARD FOR BUTTER.

There is probably little danger that butter makers, cheese makers, milk producers, or indeed, the producers of any kind of human food, will ever err by excessive neatness and skill in the production and handling of the goods they make. The danger is constantly the other way, for it is much easier to be careless than careful, and easier to let things get a trifle or a little loose, than to keep everything constantly snug and tight, in short, much easier to be a little lazy, and a good deal ignorant, than to be very energetic and remarkably wise. So it becomes a question as to what standard should be held up as an example to follow. It is often said that it is a great deal easier to preach a high standard than to practise after it, and some preachers have claimed that one cannot be expected to practise quite up to one's highest ideal.

We never knew a lecturer on dairy matters to admit that anything short of the most *perfect* neatness would ensure the high quality so much desired in all classes of dairy goods, whether it be milk, butter, or cheese. It will not do advocate loose, careless ways of handling dairy goods, for it is all too easy to fall into such ways without effort. But we have sometimes questioned whether a dairy writer or lecturer may not overshoot his mark, and so destroy the good effect intended by his efforts in teaching the better way. These thoughts came to our mind, and we know they had to the minds of many others, when listening to the excellent lecture on dairying by Mr. Goodman, before the Board of Agriculture at Lowell. Mr. Goodman's pleasant, familiar way of talking to his audience put everybody in good humor. Even the advocates of other breeds than his own favorite Jerseys, did not care to enter into any discussion at the close of the lecture. He had presented such a beautiful picture of purity and perfection, that no one seemed disposed to break the charm which had been hung around it. Yet when the speaker gave his hearers to understand that the best butter cannot be made from cows that stand over a barn cellar, or under a hay mow; that the cow must be in the open air most of the time at all seasons, so that the winds may blow upon and sweeten her; that only two or three articles of food of the many that she would be glad to eat are fit to eat; that neither the cow nor the stable must be brushed or cleaned by sweeping just before milking; that the man who milks must on no account enter the milk room, but must be met at the door by a milkmaid; that a good milk-room cannot be made for less than three hundred dollars, and may well cost four times that sum; that the temperature must never vary from sixty degrees, summer or winter, day or night; that only small, round, shallow tin pans are fit to set milk in; that all butter made from deep setting is rancious; that there is but one churn that ought to be used; that putting butter into small pints seriously injures it for immediate use, and that a one or two pound smooth roll is the only proper shape; and finally, that a dairy is the only cow fit to be kept for butter or cream production, he certainly must expect that his listeners will say, if they say anything, that he is "getting it down pretty fine," and that it is very fortunate that not all dairy consumers have such delicate appetites as he is selling to. Will not such talk rather to discourage or disgust a farmer who is trying to make good, clean, wholesome dairy goods? Perhaps not, but if we mistake the character of the average agricultural audience, which it must be admitted, is made up of the very best farmers in the country, for the poor, shiftless ones do frequent such meetings.

In that audience at Lowell were farmers whose daily practice in some respects is directly the reverse of that laid down as the only true practice by the speaker. They have cellars under their stalls and hay above them; they feed a great variety of feeds; they keep their animals closely confined in cold weather; they have their milkers so cleanly in their habits that they can safely be trusted to carry the milk pails to the dairy room, and strain the milk if need be; they set the milk in various kinds of vessels, and by several different methods; they churn in as many different kinds of churns as there are different men to use them; they put up their butter in other forms than in smooth rolls, and at the end of it all they get as high, or higher prices for their butter than the highest price named by the speaker. And these different "brands" are not all made by Jersey cows either, which cannot be bought for less than $100 to $2000 apiece. Now no one will deny that filth in all its forms, and from whatever source, must be guarded against by the dairyman at all times; that improper foods and drinks must be avoided, and that cleanliness must attend every branch of the business from the beginning to the end, but to say that the best butter can only be made by one method, and that the consumers of such butter are the only ones who are competent to judge of butter, is, we think, carrying the point a little too far. As well might a man who likes sour apples better than sweet attempt to make another believe that sweet apples are only fit to be graded as No. 2's. It may be conceivable that a uniform standard of butter may sometime be adopted, but it will probably be when but one variety of apples, and but one variety of roses are grown. At present there are different tastes enough to take all the different "brands" of good butter made, and the several tastes cannot be satisfied except by the familiar brand. Let the butter from a half dozen of the highest priced dairies known in our large cities, where a few hundred pounds are sold weekly, at prices ranging from 70 cents to ninety cents per pound, get misplaced so that each purchaser gets butter that was intended for his neighbor, and our word for it, there would be music in the camp. If no explanation were made by the parties delivering it, every lot would be looked upon with suspicion, even if it were not rejected without tasting. There is no use in denying it, people do pay something for a confidence in the article they purchase, and there is a good deal in getting the "hang" of butter as well as of a "schoolhouse." Everyone should aim to make the best butter possible, and then to sell it at the highest attainable prices. Mr. Goodman did not say there was unlimited demand for butter at from 70 cents to a $1 a pound, but we doubt not many of his audience thought he believed that. We know, and every butter maker who has ever sold his make at 75 cents per pound knows, that he cannot very much increase his make without breaking the market so that he would have to sell cheaper. We don't know of a dairyman who is getting those high prices who is not endeavoring to make all that he can sell. He would certainly be foolish and unbusinesslike if he failed so to do, unless he were making his goods cost him all or more than they brought in market, in which case his example would hardly be one to hold up for others to follow.

There is a great deal for every dairyman to learn about milk. It will sometimes become injured when it is very difficult to determine the cause, and it will, as every observing person must know, sometimes run the gauntlet of a thousand threatening agencies without apparent injury. We have heard of senses so delicate that they could detect and be unhappily affected by the effete matters given off from the cleanest of hands, owned by the sweetest of milkmaids, who work butter without paddles. Now we do not believe in working butter by hand, for various reasons, but when we hear of senses so delicate, we wonder how the cow herself, with her body full of food in all stages of digestion and uncleanness, and in close proximity to the milk vessels themselves, could ever produce milk or butter pure enough to satisfy such exquisite tastes, nor how the cook could make bread fit to eat with any butter. It seems like "straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel."

CONTRIBUTIONS AMONG FARMERS.

Whether barbed wire for fencing ought to be made so it can be sold at retail for ten cents per pound, or for seven cents or less, is a question we do not propose to discuss at this time. We asked Mr. Smith, the gentleman who lectured on the subject of barbed wire, last winter, before the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, if he could tell us what proportion of the ten cents a pound of wire sells for, was required to pay the royalties, but of course got no direct answer. Western farmers who are as much interested in building fences as many of our Eastern men are in getting rid of theirs, have been combining to test the validity of some of the barbed wire claims, and owing to certain decisions of the courts, unfavorable to the patent claims, the price has been reduced some thirty to fifty per cent, so that wire which formerly sold at ten or eleven cents per pound, is offered now at seven cents, not only by rival manufacturers at the West, but by the largest makers at the East, who have really controlled the market heretofore.

Now, the curious feature of the matter is, that those farmers who had combined to test the validity of the claims, and were getting their wire in the mean time, from contesting manufacturers at sixty dollars per ton below the ruling price, have now deserted their own manufacturers to save a small fee of one dollar per annum, which they had formerly paid for the privilege of getting their wire at three dollars per hundred pounds below the ruling price, and so the final testing of the matter is in danger of being abandoned for want of the means which the dollar per year from each buyer was intended to provide.

We are not sure that farmers are any less inclined to combine and stick together, than any other class would be of *equal numbers*, but it is certain that, owing to the greater number of farmers, or to other causes, the farmers really do work together for mutual benefit, much less than do any other class we know of. Perhaps it is all right that it should be as it is, but if farmers will only combine when they can see immediate benefits in return, they can hardly expect to gain the advantages which men of other occupations receive by continued efforts in this direction.

There is soon to be a great milk producers' convention for the purpose of bringing about some sort of an arrangement by which the producer will have some voice in the sale of his milk, but unless the farmers are willing to bind themselves to some course of action agreed to by the majority, there will be very little accomplished by such a convention. Votes passed in town meeting are respected and accepted, but votes passed by a convention of farmers seem to be binding only so long as each individual finds it to his immediate interest to accept them.

HOGS WITH YELLOW FAT.

The tallow or fatty portions of beef, pork and mutton, are usually nearly white, while the fat of chickens is as yellow as the butter of our most highly prized Jersey or Guernsey cows. Occasionally the fat of some of our best butter cows shows a strong yellow shade, like the color of their butter. Butchers dislike to find a cow whose carcass cuts up yellow, because customers are apt to ask too many questions, but the quality of the meat of a "yellow" cow is fully equal to that of animals with white tallow. We occasionally hear of a case of a "yellow" hog, that is, one whose fat has the yellow shade of chicken fat or Jersey butter. As hogs with this peculiarity are far more rare than are yellow tallowed cattle, the pork is less saleable than beef of similar hue, but so far as we can learn, the color is no indication of inferior quality, the animals being every way just as hearty and healthy as any hog can be.

As this subject has recently been brought to our special notice by readers of the FARMER, we would request those having any knowledge on the subject to send us their reports. It is, perhaps, possible, that an animal may become yellow from disease, while appearing in tolerable health. We doubt not that some of our readers have had experience or observations in this direction that would be of interest to others.

CLEAR OATS FOR HORSES.—A subscriber in Vermont who has been cutting, hauling and piling logs the past four months on mountain land, a long way from the home farm, writes that he has done all the hauling with a twenty-year-old horse that has been kept exclusively on oats, without a lock of hay except on Sundays, which he spent at his usual place in the stable. He eat eighteen quarts of oats per day, and seemed to gain on such diet and work. The weather had been excellent for doing fall work, and the autumn-sown grains are looking finely. Lumbermen would now like to see good sledding.

WHERE TO LOCATE.

Knowing that your opportunities for travel and observation in different parts of New England and the Middle States have been much better than mine, I take the liberty to ask what locality (outside of eastern Massachusetts,) presents in your judgment, the best attractions to a young farmer wishing to establish a permanent home? A location high and healthy, sufficiently removed from the sea coast to escape the east winds, with plenty of pure spring water, a good soil, plenty of wood and timber, and a community of live, intelligent people, is what is desired. In short, if entirely free to choose, and with no ties to bind any particular spot, what part of the country seems to you, on the whole, most desirable, for a farmer with a large family of boys and girls, and who must depend upon the farm for his income?

An answer through the columns of the NEW ENGLAND FARMER, may, perhaps, interest others beside YOUNG FARMER.

Norfolk County, Mass., Dec. 1, 1883.

To the above inquiry, we should have no hesitation in naming Vermont as a State that would afford all the desirable conditions named, not that we would assume to advise another where to locate, or what to do, for the choice of either location or business, is something to be decided very largely by the tastes of the individual. We have travelled over large portions of New England, and somewhat through the Middle and Southern States, and we have yet to find a single town or school district where an intelligent, industrious, thrifty and frugal family could not procure a good living, provided a business is pursued that is adapted to the locality, and further, that the parties are *masters of the business undertaken*.

Every one, however, has some choice as to what business or branch of a business he would follow, and supposing one is to follow his tastes, there might be considerable choice between different sections of the country. Traders in large cities, who deal in a few articles, as leather, wool, or iron, usually prefer to locate near each other, as they find advantages in associating. In many towns, there is some one leading business in which nearly all the inhabitants are more or less interested, as boots, shoes, bonnets, hats, jewelry, wooden ware or furniture, and a young man or a newcomer in town, will often find a better opening in the business of the place than he would in any other kind of manufacturing that he might take up. There is a sort of unity of feeling in such places that is due to the fact that all are engaged in the same business.

This also holds true, in a measure, as regards agriculture, and as Vermont is more purely agricultural than either of the other New England States, we feel justified in naming Vermont as meeting all the requirements named by "Young Farmer." Vermont is particularly free from the east winds, which are so hard upon certain constitutions, and there are fewer sudden changes in the weather, while the extremes are not so far apart, the summers being cooler, and the winters not so much colder as longer. Farming, as we have found it, is more popular there than in any other Eastern State, and there is much less caste than in those States which are largely devoted to manufacturing.

Aroostook County, Maine, is also holding out great inducements to young farmers of energy and skill. The county is larger than the States of Rhode Island and Connecticut taken together, and contains much less waste land. It is well inward from the coast, and though its winters are long, they are not severe, and spring comes all at once, when it does come. Land is low, but very fertile, and easily worked. Spring water is not as abundant as in Vermont, but the society is of a high order. Every man should feel that his home is in the centre of the world, as it ought to be to him. Every locality that is specially desirable on account of improvements that have been made on or near it, must always have the disadvantage of being held at a high price. The man of small means can get a great deal more for his money if he buys somewhat away from the large business centres, and if a good home is uppermost in his mind, such a choice would often be advisable. All the other New England States contain as fine locations for farmers' homes as there are anywhere in the world.

We would like to advise "Young Farmer" to find some business that would take him over the territory named, that he might be better able to judge for himself where he would be most contented, but we would hardly know what kind of business to advise him to take up, in order to accomplish the purpose. It would doubtless pay to investigate some, what, and then probably to settle as near the old home as a satisfactory location could be secured.

Speaking in a general way, Maine is one of our best agricultural States, but the industry of the inhabitants has been divided between farming and lumbering, more than in any other Eastern State. A great many farmers have made lumbering the leading business, using their farms chiefly as feeders to the lumber camp; but sheep raising, dairying, and orcharding receive more attention than formerly, and either of these departments offers abundant inducement to farmers who will learn their business, and will carry it on as a business should be carried on.

New Hampshire is a more rocky State, but there is much very excellent land in many portions, while lumber is abundant on the hills, and will give plenty of winter employment. Rhode Island soil is generally of a light, sandy nature, excellent for market gardening, a business that receives much attention by those living near the numerous large manufacturing villages for which the State is so noted. Boston also obtains a considerable amount of her garden supplies from Rhode Island, which has an earlier spring than most other portions of New England. Connecticut, like New Hampshire, has a good deal of rough, rocky land, but plenty that is easy to work. Its many large manufacturing industries give the farmers a good home market for most of their produce, while New York draws a large share of her milk supply from the western part of the State.

New York State has probably a larger proportion of good farming land than New England, and farming is more popular among the people, consequently land sells at higher prices. High prices also rule in the best sections of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and northern Virginia. In some parts of Pennsylvania it would require a small fortune to buy a medium sized farm. So, taking everything into account, there is very little ground for choice between locations, only so far as individual tastes may be concerned. If one is already located, he should adapt himself to the place; looking for a home, he should choose according to the business he intends to pursue.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

STOCK BREEDING: A Practical Treatise on the Application of the Laws of Development and Heredity to the Improvement and Breeding of Domestic Animals, by Manly Miles, M. D., Professor of Agriculture in the Massachusetts Agricultural College: pp. 428; D. Appleton & Co., New York.

This valuable work by Dr. Miles was first published about five years ago, and has been received with such favor by the stockmen of the country that a new edition was called for, in which slight alterations have been made and a new chapter added. It treats upon breeding as an art, heredity of normal characters, of diseases, and of acquired and abnormal characters; Atavism; the laws of Correlation and Variation; of Fecundity; In-and-in-breeding; cross-breeding; of the relative influence of parents; of previous impregnation; sex and pedigree; form of animals as an index of qualities; Selection; Period of Gestation, &c., &c. The new chapter gives a summary of what has been recently discovered concerning Tuberculosis, or consumption in man and animals. If a boy proposed to earn his living by working in wood or metals, he would first expect to learn the trade and become familiar with the characters of the materials to be used, and the methods of others who had done similar kinds of work before, but breeders of animals have too often started out in the business as though no preparation were necessary beyond the purchase of animals of the two sexes, while of all the trades by which men earn their bread none require a more thorough training and preparation than that of the breeder. Dr. Miles' book is not only thorough in the treatment of the subject, but is written in a style that brings it within the understanding of the practical stockbreeder.

We have read the work carefully, and have found it full of interest from beginning to end. It should be in the hands of every young man who expects ever to raise a colt, a calf, or a pig. The price, $1 50, brings it within reach of every farmer who raises a brood of chickens.

EXTRACTS AND REPLIES.

COARSE OR FINE MEAL FOR STOCK.

Much cracked corn is fed to horses. What is the advantage of cracked corn over whole for horse feed? I can see none but a loss in unnecessary milling. Why cracked corn rather than fine meal? The fine meal would be better digested, that is, more of it would be digested; a loss then by not grinding corn fine. As much fine meal might be given as the horse would digest of the coarse meal or cracked corn, and some cheaper substance to make bulk, given instead of the undigested particles of meal or corn, for the only good accomplished by them is to increase the bulk of food. Coarse meal fed to cows, oxen or hogs is but imperfectly digested, bringing a loss which feeders in New England can hardly afford to meet. Yet a man extensively engaged in lumbering said, it is not safe to feed oxen on fine meal, for they will surely be sick, and perhaps die. He claimed thirty-five years' experience in feeding, and knows of what he is talking. If oxen or horses cannot be kept healthy on fine meal, instead of coarse, I would like to know it. There should be no unsettled questions like that among farmers at the present time.

REMARKS.—We have long considered cracked corn one of the dearest feeds given to horses, for any horse that will eat slowly enough to thoroughly masticate cracked corn, will as thoroughly masticate whole corn, and will be just as well suited with it. In a bushel of cracked corn or fine meal we buy fifty pounds, but in a bushel of corn fifty-six pounds, and the difference in price is rarely if ever equal to the difference in the weight of the two. Cracked corn is very popular with millers, because they can make it so cheaply. Cracked corn and oats is a popular mixture, but not a profitable one for ordinary farmers to use, because they can feed their horses more cheaply by other mixtures, and have their animals just as well fed for the business they are to do. If we pay for grinding corn, or other grain at all, for stock feeding, we want it ground fine, finer than it is easy to get it, especially when the streams are low. If an ox is so greedy that he will swallow fine meal so fast that he cannot properly mix it with saliva, we would feed it dry, or mix it with wheat bran, which would keep the meal from caking in the stomach, or we would wet hay and sprinkle the meal on the hay. If, however, meal is fed entirely dry, we should have little fear that an ox or cow would become sick from eating a reasonable amount of it in connection with hay or other coarse foods. An ox working in a lumber camp should have some coarse fodder, and time for chewing his cud.

HEATING MILK TO KILL GERMS.

What is the effect of heat upon milk? We read of fevers and other contagious diseases spread through milk. Will heat destroy the germs of disease that might be found in the milk? Is milk from an over-fed cow, even if the feed is of the best quality, wholesome? Is an over-fed cow a diseased cow? F.

REMARKS.—Heating milk to the boiling point is understood to be an effectual method of destroying most forms of microscopic life, but fevers may be carried from one family to another by the use of milk cans that are not washed in water that is hot enough to destroy disease germs that may be in the water, or which may emanate from persons who are themselves diseased, but who have had something to do with the handling of the milk between the stable of the producer and the table of the consumer. Any cow that has lost her appetite from over-feeding, or from other causes, is for the time being, a diseased cow. She is certainly not fully at "ease," is *dis*-eased, but not necessarily to that degree as to make her milk or meat decidedly dangerous or unwholesome. If, however, the loss of appetite is of long standing, the case would be different. No animal should ever be over-fed so as to lose the appetite, but if such loss occurs, the food should be kept away for a meal, or a day, until the appetite returns. Trying to find something that a dainty animal or person can eat is doctoring in the wrong direction, as a rule. Better starve the patient a little until the digestive organs have time to unload and rest.

HAY FROM WINTER RYE.—Prof. Goessmann, as Director of the State Experiment Station, has been analyzing a sample of rye hay, sent to the Station by Secretary Russell of the State Board of Agriculture. The sample was not cut till in full bloom, but Prof. Goessmann finds it compares well in nutritive value with a medium good quality of meadow hay. This agrees with our own estimate of well cured rye hay, judged by its effect in practical feeding to stock. Animals usually have to learn to eat it heartily, as they do many other kinds of coarse fodder which are inferior to the best hay. Rye should be cut before it comes in full bloom, to obtain the greatest feeding value from the fodder. It is then liked better, and a larger per cent will be digested.

Correspondence.

For the New England Farmer.

GIVE YOUR STOCK EXERCISE.

BY JOHN M. STAHL.

In the life of the farm animal, winter is the season of confinement. In the summer it has the free range of the pasture field. It can take what exercise it desires. But in the winter it is stabled, (let us hope,) and not unlikely tied. Exercise is a matter of impossibility. This should not be the case. In our treatment of domesticated animals, we should approach as near to nature as possible. Domestication may have changed the nature of the animals, but it has not changed the constitution of their bodies and consequent requirements of health. We may be sure that nature made no mistakes, that in the treatment of her creatures she was wise. In a state of nature, animals were free to exercise when they pleased. Exercise was necessary to their well-being, and therefore nature gave it to them. Domestication has not changed their wants in this particular, and we should follow the plan of nature.

Man's knowledge has proven the wisdom of nature in her provisions for the exercise of animals. A certain amount of bodily motion he has found to be necessary to maintain the proper circulation of the fluids. Exercise greatly assists the insensible perspiration. This is the most abundant of all the secretions, and a wise provision to carry off substances inimical to health. Without exercise the sweat glands become clogged, and finally stopped, and a diseased state of the body must inevitably result. The superabundance, impurity or stagnation of the fluids which exercise will keep in a normal amount and condition, will lead to serious results. The consequent enlargement or obstruction of the viscera must produce death if not relieved. A certain amount of exercise is essential to a normal condition of the appetite. Animals kept closely confined have a weak or abnormally ravenous appetite, or none at all. Give them exercise of the right sort, and the right amount, and they will have appetites of like qualities.

Exercise is also essential to fecundity and longevity. It is a very common and a very grievous mistake to closely confine animals designed for breeding purposes. Of all animals those designed for breeders most require exercise, and all animals require it. Inaction leads to short life; great activity, but not immoderate, to long life. Fecundity and longevity are desirable qualities in farm animals; therefore exercise is desirable. But this exercise must be moderate. Immoderate exercise is as hurtful as inactivity. The organs of the body require action but not abuse. It must also be timely; if untimely it is an evil rather than a benefit. Exercise immediately after a hearty meal is decidedly hurtful, unless very gentle and moderate.

I would say that domestic animals confined in stables should be allowed to exercise early in the morning before they are given any food. After remaining in the stable over night and breathing the heated, impure air confined therein, (stables are too rarely properly ventilated) they are in no condition to receive food. If they could have a moderate amount of exercise between meals, it would be all the better. Unless the weather is very stormy and severe, they should not be deprived of exercise altogether. I would suggest that the cattle, &c., be turned out of their shelters in the morning and at intervals during the day, and allowed to exercise as they wished. Generally they will not hesitate to take sufficient. Should they appear not to be disposed to do so, it would be an easy matter to make them move around. This is worthy the attention and action of the stock raiser.

For the New England Farmer.

ON THE FARM.

Much is said and written nowadays about the care of stock on the farm, the health of animals, the various diseases incident upon confinement, neglect, &c. This is all very well; but what of the farmer himself and his hard working wife, their boys and their girls? All concede that the farmer needs to do a great deal of hard work; that often he must needs work thirteen or fifteen, and sometimes seventeen hours in a day. But it does not follow that he should forget his *nature*, nor that if he violates or outrages natural laws, he can escape the penalty. His wife also must often be up very early in the morning to give business an early start by an early breakfast, and be up late at night to put things to rights after a late supper caused by the pressing demands of farm work. The boys often get so tired that when going up the back stairs to bed they loiter by the way and wish the old farm was "sunk." The anticipation of another such a day's work on the morrow makes them almost heart sick. They retire, reflect and dream of the hardships of a farmer's life, to be aroused in the morning by the unwelcome news shouted at the foot of the stairs, "Boys, time to get up! Milking-time—breakfast will be ready soon!" Now perhaps those boys have been sleeping and dreaming the night away in small, unventilated bed rooms; here then, is violation of law. In our sleeping hours we need just as good air as when we are awake, so then there should be good ventilation in all sleeping rooms. Good ventilation means a circulation of pure air through the room; a door open between a small bed-room and a large room or hall gives no *good* ventilation. Judging from my own experience coupled with observation, too many children are tucked into small rooms where they must breathe bad air all night, and they get up in the morning cross and fretful. They are then scolded and told that they "got up wrong end first." When in fact, the blame is all on the part of the parents; so then, give the children good air all night, and let us old folks have it at all events, and save head ache and many other troubles coming from bad air. The above was penned after a good night's sleep near an open window.

My next job on the farm is to finish chaffing my corn fodder, that should have gone into the silo, and which was prevented by breaking a cutter. I have had but two years' experience with cutting and pressing ensilage, but I conclude the right cutter is not made yet; the pressing is also done in a "pod-anger" way. I have a small silo 14x10x12, and it was pressed with four bags of sand, 50 barrels in a bag. I arranged double levers, that kept it going down night and day.

A word about cutters. To my mind a cutter should be so constructed that the corn will be "hit" on an angle. A dead, square cross cut takes too much power, and besides, the rapid motion of the present cutters is rather dangerous. Let a spline or a knife get loose and there comes a smash up, and that ends all work for several days. A slow motioned, rolling cutter arrangement, like some of the old hay cutters, so arranged as to take the cornstalks into it at an angle, would do better and more work than any now in use. As silos become general, as no doubt they will, will there not be a general demand for a cheap, efficient cutter that any farmer can buy or use, independent of his neighbors? There is a draw-back to the ensilage business from the fact that farmers cannot fill them without the aid of considerable outside help.

Later—my hands and fingers are quite stiff and bangling. Have been shoveling and spreading manure on my garden and lot near by, and holding the plough. In fine, I am now (November 28) doing my spring work; I intend to follow it up so long as the weather is mild and pleasant. The five acres of winter rye that I sowed on corn stubble without ploughing the ground is looking finely. In my next I will tell how I did it, and my reasons for it. Z. BREED.

Weare, N. H.

For the New England Farmer.

SUPPOSED DETERIORATION OF THE POTATO.

Several articles in your paper of late, bring to mind the prevailing opinion of many at the time of the first appearance of the potato disease, or rot, that the cause of the premature decay was an inherent degeneracy of that plant. This was some forty years or more ago, and ever since then there has been a lingering impression in the minds of some, that the potato was ultimately destined to run out. The favorite theory of those who assumed the last mentioned view was, that the potato plant was an exotic, and that as such it had been forced by artificial cultivation, to an unnatural and diseased condition from which it could never recover; and that consequently no alternative remained, but to renew the seed from its native wilds of South America, (so claimed) or by the reproduction of new tubers from the seed balls. It is a matter of much uncertainty whether the first mentioned method of renewal was ever attempted, from the want of any positive knowledge of the place of its nativity, and the last was utterly futile, for the reason that those who were then re-producing seedlings from seed balls, myself as well as others, found the seedlings so produced, just as liable to decay, or equally affected with the parent.

But there is very little occasion to dwell upon this point. I have always believed the potato plant, *per se* to be as healthy as it ever was, and there is no proof to the contrary; the crop of the present season fully vindicated this. Probably there was never a larger crop per acre, of that esculent, or of better quality than has been produced this year. The disease, then, would seem to be wholly independent of any latent cause in the plant itself, but entirely external to it.

Now, what did occasion the potato rot? Nobody knows. After the thousand and one theories which have been advanced in relation to it, after all the efforts of science to unravel the mystery, after the innumerable volumes that have been written upon it, no one knows anything about it more than at first, excepting that the plant itself is all right. Any and all other imagined or imaginable causes, or claimed indications of degeneracy, excepting the aforesaid, so far as the potato itself is concerned, I believe to be equally fallacious.

To illustrate the absurdity of the theories heretofore advanced, and entertained upon the matter in question, I would say that I should as soon think of assigning the cause of the first appearance of the Colorado beetle to an abnormal condition of the potato plant, *per se*, as any that has been yet given; thus reversing cause for effect. That bad cultivation does sometimes result in temporary deterioration is not to be questioned, but that circumstance has nothing to do with the facts above considered. JOHN N. BARTLETT.

So. Rogalston, Nov. 30, 1883.

For the New England Farmer.

MENTAL AND SOCIAL CULTURE.

What a Country Lyceum Has Done And Is Doing.

To begin with, ours is a farming community, and our Society not only affords the usual advantages of a lyceum, but also takes the place of a farmers' club or grange in the absence of any such organizations. It is our aim to make it useful as well as entertaining, and we often discuss agricultural questions and matters of local interest or importance, and but rarely take those much discussed and never-to-be-solved questions that often occupy the lyceum debaters in villages and towns. During the past two winters we have discussed any measures of town policy that were likely to be acted on in the spring, also matters that were before the Legislature when that was in session, believing that it is the duty of every farmer to be a good citizen and to have clear views on matters of government, and also to be able to say what he thinks, so that others will understand him.

Many questions of farm economy have caused investigations and calculations leading to really valuable results. A comical question occasionally has been well taken hold of, for "A little nonsense now and then, is relished by the wisest men," and also by all young folks, wise or otherwise. Our discussions, always conducted in accordance with parliamentary rules, have usually taken up about half the time each evening, and the remainder, after a short recess, is occupied with reading a paper entirely original, singing, instrumental music, declamations, select reading, &c.

Now as to results. Two years ago scarcely any of the young men in the neighborhood had sufficient self-confidence to speak in public, while now there are few who cannot express themselves before an audience with as little hesitation as if addressing a neighbor. The paper, edited by a different individual each week, has been equally fruitful as a source of literary improvement.

It has been a good school in many directions and has furnished lots of amusement at a very trifling cost. Our only source of revenue has been to take up a collection when the funds run low, which is not often, as the cash expenses aside from wood, &c., donated by members, have not averaged much over ten cents per night, the church furnishing us our rent free. Hoping that others may go and do likewise, I remain an interested reader of the NEW ENGLAND FARMER. H. L. C.

Middlesex, Vt.

For the New England Farmer.

STAY ON THE FARM.

When I see so many young and middle-aged men, and even old men, trying to get away from the farms where they were born and raised, going to the cities and large towns, or to places on the railroad lines, or to the great West, I feel like shouting, "Hold on; look the matter over and see what has become of the hundreds who have gone from these same old farms in the last twenty, thirty or fifty years." It may be that after looking carefully at all the points in the case, and figuring out the average success of those who have gone and those who have stayed, you will be content to "let well enough alone," and stay on the old farm. Farming is hard work, that is true, and so is preaching, practising law, medicine, or following any profession. There is danger too in working on the railroads, and in the great manufactories. Even the politician has some hardships to endure; I dare say it is harder than farming to run for President or Governor. The merchant's life is not one altogether of elegant leisure, but of hard physical and mental toil. All these occupations wear our life away and "vex its little hours," and on the whole don't pay a bit better than farming. Had we not better, as farmers, "endure the ills we have, than fly to those we know not of?" Having lived in the same house for fifty years, in a farming township containing from 1000 to 1500 inhabitants, most of whom I have known and kept some track of, I feel free to say that so far as I can see those who stayed at home have done better than those who went away. They have made more wealth, have taken more comfort, raised more useful men and women, and have done more good in society. Some few of the many who went away have made fortunes in trade, but the most of them have lost all they made and are now poor; two or three got rich by farming at the West, but they got poor again. A score or so of the most sensible and level headed have kept on the even tenor of their way, and having neither poverty nor riches, have been comfortable citizens wherever they went, but the great mass of those who went away to do something easier, or to get out of the poor, rough, rocky town they happened to be born in, have made utter failures, while of those who stayed on the old homestead, or bought lands near home, we have a rich and prosperous community. Were it not for causing pain to some of the poor unfortunates who went away, I would give names, dates and figures to prove all I have written.

Washington County, Vt. W. C.

For the New England Farmer.

TREES FOR FENCE POSTS.

An article in the FARMER of Dec. 15th, advocates a row of pear trees as a support for a wire fence. If such a fence were to be constructed along the roadway of any farm within ten miles of a city like Boston, or, I fancy, in any populous neighborhood, it would in fruit time be pervaded by throngs of boys, and the land for a distance of fifty feet inside would soon be covered with a deposit of stones, equal in quantity to that of a fair glacial moraine. The idea, however, has a good deal of merit, and if a row of ash trees, which grow rapidly, should be set out where such a fence is desired, growing as they do, more rapidly than pear trees, the object would be much sooner accomplished, and with perfect safety. In applying the wire it should not be wound around the trunk of the tree, as it soon makes an unsightly, and more or less unhealthy cut and deformity of the bark; the better way is to bore a half inch hole directly through the trunk, in the line of the wire which can be drawn straight through. This does no harm, and the bark closes cleanly around it, making a neat job. If the fence is to run by cultivated or garden grounds, where much tall shade is objectionable, the tops of the ashes can be cut off, say twelve feet or so, from the ground, and grafts of the weeping ash inserted. These take readily, and grow rapidly, hanging down around the tree in a picturesque form, and constituting a screen from observation and dust, whilst the wire is effectually keeping out intruders.

AUGUSTINE SHURTLEFF, M. D.

High St., Brookline, Dec. 17, 1883.

Selections.

A SUBSTANTIAL SHORT-HORN PLATFORM.

At the annual meeting of the Michigan Shorthorn Breeders, held in Detroit, Dec. 4, President Wm. Ball delivered the annual address, from which we make the following extracts from the full text, as published in the *Farmer*, of that State. We believe every practical cattle breeder will endorse President Ball's position. He says:—

Already, in this country, the white faces are struggling for equality, if not superiority, a the block, and a worthy rival they are proving themselves to be. The short pedigreed, new named Aberdeen Angus, of which much is being said at the present time, are contending worthily for a share of the honors in the show ring, as well as at the butcher's block, and for one I am glad that it is so. It will serve as a stimulus for more care and better judgment in the selection of breeding bulls, and breeding cows. While many breeders of Shorthorns have been talking Bates or Booth pedigrees, and breeding, in many instances, from bulls of pedigree, rather than of good pedigree and high individual merit, the Hereford and Angus breeders have been combining in a masterly manner individuality and pedigree—individual excellence taking the lead, judging from what limited knowledge I have of their pedigrees, and the result is, they are close on the heels of Shorthorn excellence, if their shadows are not already reaching before.

I am no alarmist, but facts point in such a direction. The lesson to be learned is how to avert disaster in the show ring from these finely formed and worthy competitors. Not surely, by making claims that our favorites are the best, nor upon their glorious history in the past, but by uniting the best blood with the best individual excellence, having as a model an animal that shall embody all the qualities necessary to make a perfect butchers' animal, and I hardly think the color of the hair (provided it be of the proper quantity and needed quality) will affect the real value of the animal. To me, the "thinness," (if I may use the expression) of the notion that color should affect the value of a shorthorn is shown in the fact that the three breeds of cattle alluded to are all contending for supremacy as beef animals, sometimes one winning and occasionally another. The Hereford has his white face, back and belly, legs, &c., with his sides covered with light or darker red hair. The Angus has his jet black coat. The Shorthorn may be red, roan, yellow or white, or red and white, and in the butchers' ring no color has supremacy over another. Neither is the milking quality claimed to belong to any particular color in the Shorthorn cow. Many a red is a splendid milker, so are the roan or white; and we find the two breeds whose owners claim the supremacy at the pail differing in color.

The Holstein, with their patches of black and white covering the entire body, and the Jersey, with her dun or mouse color, with dark points, while many of the bulls are quite dark, all go to prove that the color craze in Shorthorns or Jerseys has no foundation in essential qualities, either at the block or at the pail. I have never seen nor heard one single substantial reason advanced by any one why a Shorthorn of red color was better or worth more intrinsically than a roan or even a white, except that they bring more in market; and the solid fact is the color line is drawn on a plainer bred, cheaper class of Shorthorns. * * * * * *

Shorthorn breeders discuss the color question, and the relative merits of the Bates or Booth strain of blood, carrying their theories into practice, rather than blending together the best blood and best individuals of either strains of blood or varieties of color, and let the Hereford and Angus breeders follow the course they are pursuing, combining good blood and good animals, having all the time the finality of cattle in view, and we may be aware of the fact sooner than we might wish to be, that the noble Shorthorn, with his proud bearing and variegated calves will be obliged to take the second place in the estimation of cattle raisers. Too much attention, too much printer's ink paid for at an enormous expense to bolster up this man's Bates cattle, (pure of course), or that man's Booth herd, this fashionable family or that fashionable family, is given by certain speculators, and too little attention to good cattle.

Let a beginner or one who wishes to begin breeding Shorthorns read what is printed in our stock journals, and he would soon become bewildered by the praise bestowed on this family or that, as the writer had a fancy. Today he invests his money in a family of cattle that are the rage, and he buys good cattle. A year from today some other family, through the puffing of the press, is on top and individuals bring more money. Another year some other has its supremacy and leads in popular favor. The beginner feels as though he wished he had waited a year or two before investing. This fashion is the great drawback to the highest development in Shorthorn excellence. It is all of a piece, color, particular families, Bates, Boo

He dreads borers more than yellows. They cause yellows in some of its forms. Feeding the trees freely with bone black and potash secures him healthy trees and good fruit. Heads back freely to thin the fruit, and strengthen the trees.

Prefers planting seeds where the trees are to stand, as they will have deeper roots and withstand the drought better. Would bud all trees when a year old. Seedlings are not as good as the best budded varieties. Crawford's Early is one of the best varieties. Late culture and high manuring are to be avolded. Is afraid of nitrogenous manures.

EVENING.

The evening exercises comprised a lecture by J. M. Hubbard of Middletown, on "Things Which Seem Worthless," and a humorous paper by L. F. Scott of Bethlehem, entitled, "Mirrors of Society," both of which would be spoiled by reporting, except in full.

Snow has been falling through the entire day, but the attendance has been large, and the interest lively. A large exhibit of fruits, vegetables and grains, adds much to the attractiveness of the hall, and the general interest in the meeting.

THURSDAY MORNING.

The lecture this morning on "Farm Labor in New England," was given by Mr. L. P. Chamberlain, Superintendent of the Industrial School at Meriden, some account of which was recently given in the columns of the FARMER. The lecturer has had a long experience on the farm, both as laborer and overseer of others' labors, and was well fitted to discuss the question taken. He looks upon toil not as a curse, but a blessing. It binds men together by a bond of common brotherhood, and he who refuses to labor, has no right to call himself a man. Muscle and brain are of equal importance, and the exercise of both should be equally honorable. In New England especially, should every farmer be an enthusiast, for he owns the piece of earth he tills. Yet he believes that farm labor in New England is growing dishonorable.

The introduction of machinery on to the farm in the time of the war, has changed the feelings of men regarding farm labor. There is no longer the annual tussle with half-ploughed fields, the scraping with the hand-hoe, the tiresome struggle among the lodged clover. Human power is now made more effective, or is dispensed with, which endangers the union between muscle and brain. We may use too much machinery on the farm, and too little skilled labor. Machinery costs so much that it increases the amount of capital needed for carrying on our farms, till many of us are unsettled in all our plans, and we try every new idea that comes up, as beets for sugar, and ensilage for cattle, hoping to make farming successful by some new method, the aim being rather to oversee labor, than to perform it.

The speaker believed, however, that the old familiar couplet: "He that by the plough would thrive, himself must either hold or drive," is as true and applicable to-day, as at any former time. There has been too little fraternity of feeling between the farmer and the hired man; but the cheapening of books and papers, the establishing of Farmers' Clubs, Agricultural Societies and Boards of Agriculture, are all helping to improve the condition of the farmer. Yet there is a true and a false idea concerning success in life. The mere accumulation of money for accumulation's sake, is the very meanest reward of human labor. There is a constant conflict between blind conservatism and radicalism. We are too much inclined to neglect some of the "good old ways." We neglect our farm manures while we are buying fertilizers, and we depend too much upon the West for our food. Tobacco farming as it has been carried on, improves neither the farm nor the farmer. Potatoes are too easily grown by everybody, to become a very paying crop. The more difficult crops will pay for the high degree of skill required in their production. The average farmer should follow a system of mixed farming. The old farmer was sound when he said to his son: "If you raise your own beans you have them."

We look too much upon laborers in this country as free slaves, hired for all that can be got out of them. Too much work is often laid out, more than can be performed in the time allotted, and so there is a lack of fraternity between the employer and the employed, while there should be the greatest community of interest. If we expect two days' work sometimes done in one day, as in the hurry of harvest time, we must be easy in our demands on rainy days. A great mistake is made by farmers by working too much land, and working it too poorly. Small farms are increasing, and he was glad of it. The profits of a few acres well tilled, often exceed the profits from large farms poorly tilled.

The farmer should work with the spirit of an artist. The word "art," he believed was derived from the same word that originally meant plough. Shakespeare understood this when he said: "There is an art which can mend Nature."

Fine views and scenery go hand in hand. They keep the post upright, and gates properly hung, furrows well turned and swarths well laid.

AFTERNOON.

"The Health of the Farmer and his Family," was the theme of the lecture of the afternoon by Dr. Geo. A. Bowen of Woodstock. While the farmers should be the most healthy of all classes, as the conditions for health are better on the farm than elsewhere, the frequent presence of the doctor's gig at the door, and the farmer's newspaper filled with advertisements of quack medicines, prove that his health is not as good as it should be. It seemed to the speaker that to be sick on a farm, with certain diseases, is a disgrace, for they are produced by causes which are within the control of the farmer himself, and are not chargeable to a Divine Providence.

Theology is a theory of man, but physiology is a theory of God, and God's theories will stand while men's sometimes fall. Many farm houses were imperfectly planned and built, and we must suffer somewhat, so long as we use them. Many houses are too much shaded by trees and shrubs, which render the rooms dark, damp and moudly. Decaying timbers cause decaying minds. Often the barn, hog pen, privy, sink-drain and well, are brought into far too close social relations with the kitchen. Typhoid fever is now known to bear a very close relationship to filth.

Houses are generally fairly well ventilated, owing to the persistence of the winds, which get in at every crevice; but the cellars are too damp. He was rather opposed to cellars under the main house, but would have the store-room for vegetables under the L part, where it would be more accessible from the kitchen and field.

The parlor is not the room of most importance, but it is the bed-room where we spend so large a portion of the twenty-four hours of each day, that should receive our first attention. The bed-room should be on the second floor where ventilation can be better secured. The best room in the house is not too good for the owner to sleep in.

Let it be on the sunny side, and in winter it should be warmed by the pipe from the stove in the room below, an ice cold room is not the best to sleep in. Stoves and furnaces are often faulty in rendering the air too dry. One usually feels better in the kitchen than in the sitting-room because in the former the air is made moist by the kettles of water on the stove.

Farmers should grow and consume more fruit. A dollar expended in growing fruits will save two dollars in doctor's bills.

Too many farmers sell their best meats, fruits and vegetables and live upon the inferior pork and potatoes. Then we fry too much and eat too much pie, too much sugar, and too much spice.

French and German house-wives could teach us many things about cookery that would be to our advantage.

Again farmers labor too hard and too unceasingly. They hurry at breakfast, washing it down with hot coffee, hurry about their chores, hurry in the fields, work long and late, and come to the table at night, exhausted and then give themselves too little time for refreshing sleep. A good machine properly used will last for years; but crowd it to its highest possibility and it soon breaks. A man's body will also break down if run at too high speed. We call it dyspepsia or insanity, but it is overwork.

Overwork interferes with mind culture and thus insanity follows as a result. Women suffer most in this respect; I am apt to wonder why any woman will ever marry a farmer—perhaps you may wonder how a woman can marry a doctor, yet they do both and probably will for a long time to come. Did you ever think why it is that so many farmers are blessed with second and third wives?

What kills the first wives? Look at the returns of the physician at the town clerk's office and you can read the scientific name of the disease—attend the funeral exercises and you will hear the clergyman say it is a dispensation of Providence. But it is not so. It was hard work.

Yet American women are ahead of European women who work more in the fields, but then the European women have smaller brains and larger bodies than our women. Farmers should endeavor to bring less work into the house. We hope the time is coming when dairy work will all be done outside the farmer's home.

The social nature is too much neglected in the country and conditions of melancholy result: The country child has a better chance of life than the city born child, but after the age of sixteen the city child, particularly the girl, seems to get the advantage. The better water, the convenience of bathing, the variety of food give health and strength.

The farmer has all the facilities for securing good health, pure air, proper fare, suitable exercise and plenty of refreshing sleep, if he will only avail himself of his privileges. If he gets sick, he should consult some one who has been educated for his profession, follow his counsel, and he will probably recover his health without taking much medicine.

In reply to questions, the speaker said he could see no sense in removing plants from a sick room. We do not move ourselves to the arctic regions as soon as spring opens to avoid the presence of growing leaves. Flowering plants with a powerful odor may sometimes become objectionable in a sick-room.

Open fire-places are excellent for ventilation but are not equal to the heating of a house. Air tight stoves are not as good as those which are somewhat open.

New England Farmer.

BOSTON:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1883.

There is but one week more of the great Foreign fair, and persons who have been delaying to visit it will have to hurry up, or miss something which they will perhaps never again have so good an opportunity to see.

Last Sunday was the coldest day on record for the last seventeen years, with the single exception of January 24, 1882, when the mean temperature of the day was just one degree lower.

The Massachusetts Horticultural Society discusses to-day, (Saturday December 29th,) the "Culture of Hybrid Perpetual Roses, for Private Gardens, for Sale, and for Exhibition Purposes."

LARGE SALE OF BLOODED STOCK. — The largest sale of thoroughbred stock ever made at private sale in this country, has recently been made by Messrs. Burleigh & Bodwell, of Hallowell, Me., to the Indiana Blooded Stock Company, and numbered two hundred head of Aberdeen, Angus and Hereford cattle. All the cattle had been carefully selected by Mr. Burleigh, from the most noted herds of Great Britain. The price received for the transfer was $93,350. Since the arrival of their last importation, Messrs. Burleigh & Bodwell have sold, in addition to the present sale, sixty thoroughbred cattle to New England and Western farmers.

The miners in the Connellsville, Pa., coal regions have issued a circular addressed to the Citizens of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and protesting against the employment of Hungarian laborers in the mines. These laborers are imported, of course, by the contractors, for the purpose of cheapening the cost of operating their works, under something like the same system that formerly governed the importation of "cheap Chinese labor" in California. The circular declares that: "People who are degrading American labor are an injury to our commerce, and a blot on the Commonwealth that will not be endured. American labor, as well as American manufactures, must be protected." For all that, nine-tenths of the American laborers who issued the circular, were born on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean.

It would seem as if some of the arrows that have been shot at the management of the New England Agricultural Society since its great show at Manchester last September, were sharp enough to pierce the most pachydermatous of hides, but we shall have to wait until the next annual meeting before we can see their effect. Master Draper of the State Grange talked right out in meeting about it the other day. Like most of those who have criticised the Society, he believes that the fault is one that can only be remedied by a Revolution. Perhaps this may be the Revolutionary year; who knows? Or will the members of the Society, who are ready enough to find fault, outside, or through the papers, go to the meeting as usual, and eat the customary dinner, letting it stop their mouths against the utterance even of a remonstrance against abuses that have continued almost until they have attained the force of prescriptive rights?

France apparently does not know her own mind on the subject of pork, and now proposes to return to the policy of prohibition as regards the American product. The question has aroused a great deal of discussion in the French newspapers, and, very recently, M. Paul Bert has written a letter to the *Voltaire* in which he argues that the fear of an outbreak of disease from the use of American pork is no way chimerical. He quotes statements of Mr. Delmers, an inspector at Chicago, who certified that diseased and dying hogs passed his house daily, and that they were sold cheap and shipped to Bordeaux and Havre. This is in truth another instance where a commercial device adopted to "bear the market" for the benefit of a ring of speculators, has "returned to plague the inventor," for the outcry against American pork has arisen from just this cause and nothing else.

RUM-SELLING AT CATTLE SHOWS.

It is not in New England alone that the Granges are taking measures to show their disgust with some of the features of the agricultural fairs. The Michigan State Grange, at its recent annual meeting, passed some resolutions strongly condemning the State Agricultural Society for permitting the sale of liquors on its grounds during the Exhibition last fall. To this the *Detroit Post* objects, on the ground that the rules of the Society "prohibit the sale of spirituous or intoxicating liquors," but adds that "the rule has unfortunately been construed so liberally that no objection has been made when those who had rented space for booths, sold beer in them." This is simply splitting hairs. To have a rule, and to construe it so liberally that no objection is made to its being broken, seems like the next thing to having no rule at all. It is just this "liberal construction" dodge that is playing the mischief with the agricultural fairs all over the country, and calling down upon the heads of the managers the displeasure of the class to which they must look for the success of their exhibitions, if they desire to keep them in reality what they are in name, agricultural exhibitions.

We have for several years published every fall as complete a list as we could obtain of the season's agricultural fairs in New England. This, of course, we have done for the benefit of our readers, and simply as matter of information to the people who may be supposed to be interested in such matters. At the same time we have had some experiences in connection with the publication of this list, that have aroused a serious doubt, whether, after all, it would not be wiser to omit it altogether. During the weeks that the list of fairs appears in our columns, it appears sometimes as if all the fakers and gamblers and sharpers in the community had suddenly taken a great interest in agricultural matters, and were fairly hungry to read the agricultural newspapers.

Many are the anxious questions put to us as to whether such and such a society allows peddlers or showmen on its grounds, or whether the town authorities of such and such a place police the fair grounds during the continuance of the show, and many are the half-whispered conferences we have heard between most unmistakable rascals as to whether one or the other of two fairs that are to be held on the same day offers the best opportunity for plunder. One very communicative individual, last autumn, was kind enough to explain to us the way in which he managed to get rid of a considerable quantity of rum at fairs where the rules were strict, and where the "liberal construction" business had not been introduced, but he told us that as a general thing he preferred the places where no questions were asked after he had once hired his stand and shown his ability to pay for it. Strict rules to frighten off the timid scoundrels, and liberal construction to enlarge the opportunities and increase the profits of the bolder ones, was just his idea of how a cattle show should be conducted, and he was free to say that from his long experience in such matters, that was the case with a very large part of the shows he had visited, though of course he did not put it just in that way.

The FARMER has always set its face firmly against these abuses of the farmer's holiday, and has in times past even been considered a little old fogy on the subject. We have preached, in season and out of season, the imperative necessity of reforms in these matters, and we have hailed with delight any movement made by any society to purge its exhibitions of the vices of gambling, liquor selling, swindling and the like. Still the nuisance has apparently become greater instead of less, and the rules of society after society have been construed more and more liberally each year, until the evil has grown to such proportions as to threaten to destroy the societies altogether. We are rejoiced to see that there is at length a general waking up to the importance of the subject, and a disposition on the part of representative agricultural organizations, like the Patrons of Husbandry, to resent that spirit of liberality which leads great agricultural societies to permit the breaking of their own rules and the laws of the State as well. We hope that the warnings given by the Master of the National Grange, and by several of the State Granges within the last few weeks, will be heeded, for they obviously "mean business."

AN INTERNATIONAL FRUIT SHOW. — In about a year from now, the "World's Industrial Exposition" will open in the city of New Orleans, and will continue for six months. It is contemplated to make it in many respects the most complete exhibition of the kind ever held in this country, and very extensive preparations to this end are already making; it will also be remembered that President Arthur had a good word to say for the project, in his message at the opening of the present Congress. One feature of the exposition to which special attention will be paid, will be the exhibit of agricultural and horticultural products and implements, and it has therefore been decided by the Board of Managers to give these interests a larger place than they have held in any other fair in the world. In addition to the completest possible display of trees, plants, and flowers, there will be held an international show of fruits. This has never before been done, or even attempted. This department will be organized and managed by the Mississippi Valley Horticultural Society.

The Exposition Managers will erect a building especially adapted to a display of plants and fruits. This Horticultural Building will be about six hundred feet long by one hundred feet wide, and will be a handsome and convenient structure. They will at an early day, issue a list of premiums for fruits, in medals and money, which will aggregate from $12,000 to $15,000. They expect to secure an exhibit of all such fruits as will be in season at any part of the period of six months during which the Exposition will continue, or as can be held over by the most efficient system of cold storage; these exhibits will come from every State and Territory of the United States; from the Provinces of British North America; from Mexico and the Central American States; and from all the important Nations of the World. The same classes of fruits from all the temperate climates of the Globe, will be placed side by side for comparison. The Citrus fruits, and others of great commercial value, will be gathered from the Gulf States, from California, from the Mediterranean countries, from South America, from India, China, and the Islands of the Sea.

This exhibition will be continuous for the whole term of the Exposition, showing every fruit in its season, and continuing many kinds beyond their season by the help of cold storage. The most ample and complete cold storage facilities to be found on the Continent have been placed in control of the management by the New Orleans Refrigeration Company.

Thus it will be seen that an Industrial Fair Association has at last been found, able and willing to recognize the importance of horticulture and the great fruit interests of this country and the world; and to provide for their exhibition in the most liberal spirit as one of the most important and attractive departments of a World's Exposition.

Mr. Parker Earle, of Cobden, Ill., President of the Mississippi Valley Horticultural Society, an enthusiastic and experienced horticulturist, whose name is well known to all pomologists in the country, will have the superintendence of this department, and we are sure that it could not have been placed in better hands. He will soon issue premium lists and circulars of information, which will be distributed to all interested. Horticultural Societies and individual fruit growers all over the world will be invited to contribute, and we look to see an exhibition such as has never been known in the world before.

NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting of the Society, at Manchester on Wednesday, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Warren Brown of Hampton Falls; Secretary, Aaron Young of Portsmouth; Treasurer, George W. Riddle; Directors, Warren F. Daniell of Franklin, George A. Wason of New Boston; Thomas G. Jameson of Great Falls, Chester Pike of Cornish, George H. Everett of Laconia, Charles H. Hayes of Portsmouth, Edward Gustin of Keene, D. H. Goodale of Antrim, John M. Wheeler of Salem, Stephen Durgin of Wolfboro': Auditors, George B. Chandler of Manchester, Andrew H. Young of Dover. A resolution in memory of the late ex-Gov. Head was passed.

DISEASE AMONG SWINE.—Mr. Curtis, a member of the commission appointed by the President to investigate disease among swine, has submitted his report. Mr. Curtis reports that there is a great deal less disease among Western hogs than has been reported, and declares that there is absolutely no foundation for the reports that have been circulated to the effect that hogs are fed on offal from the slaughter houses and farms. Mr. Curtis believes that two inspectors, with one or more laboring assistants, in each packing house will be sufficient to thoroughly inspect all pork. The report states that the Western people are willing to co-operate heartily with every attempt made by the Government to give American pork a good reputation.

LIVING A NEW LIFE.—Rheumatism loves to riot in a body weighted with years. Until the discovery of ATHLOPHOROS there was but little hope for the aged who were victims of the disease. But now Mr. Wesley Iliff, Cedarville, Ohio, writes: "Took ATHLOPHOROS as directed and find I am well of Rheumatism. I am 65 years old and was getting stiff in my limbs. Now I am as clear of Rheumatism and stiffness as I ever was in my life. Consider ATHLOPHOROS the greatest and best medicine I ever heard of."

AMERICAN PORK IN FRANCE.

In the matter of harassing the French government, it must be admitted that the American hog is just now as potent as a whole army of Black Flags. Thus, before the French chamber of deputies adjourned on Saturday, the "friends of domestic industry," led by M. Paul Bert, made an assault upon the government for their temerity in removing the prohibitive decree which had been in force against the hog products of this country since February 18, 1881. Hardly a month has elapsed since M. Herrison, minister of commerce, abrogated this unnecessary edict; but even within the short period named, those who deprecate American competition have successfully marshalled their forces, and, through the influence of a strong lobby, defeated the government. It is stated that the minister of commerce accepts the vote as a virtual withdrawal of his recent sensible action. What effect this proceeding will have upon the exporting trade here, should that view prevail, it is at this moment difficult to determine. There may be goods in transit, however, which on arrival might possibly be subject to detention by officious government examiners; nor is it difficult to see that if the present action of the French chamber had occurred just when a brisk demand for these hog products had sprung up, the result would have entailed very serious loss to merchants and exporters of this and other cities. It should be observed, however, that the defeat of the government is merely indicatory, and though our export trade may again temporarily be threatened, the French protectionists may encounter strong opposition when the matter is pushed to its final stages.—*N. Y. Com. Bulletin.*

OVER 1,000,000 sheep perished in a drought which has recently prevailed in New South Wales.

THE POTATO CROP OF MAINE.

The movement of potatoes from Maine to Massachusetts is as nothing this year compared to that of 1882, and the railroad trains from Aroostook county, the garden of the State, are not burdened now as then with the great staple. The reason of this is the low price, for there was a large crop this year. In Aroostook now the farmers can get only $1 a barrel, whereas the price received last year was $2 a barrel, and they are holding their stock back for a rise. The reason for the low prices now prevalent is, of course, a large crop all around and a consequent preponderance of supply over the demand. There are two bushels and three pecks of potatoes in a barrel, and consequently the Aroostook price is now about 36 cents a bushel, for jobbing lots. The freight on potatoes from Houlton to Bangor is 8 cents a bushel; from Fort Fairfield to Bangor 13 cents a bushel; from Caribou to Bangor, 14 cents a bushel. This freight, added to the jobbing price in the Aroostook towns mentioned, would make the potatoes cost 44 cents, 40 cents and 50 cents a bushel, respectively, laid down at Bangor, not making any account of the expense of handling. When it is stated that potatoes are worth but 25 to 30 cents a bushel in the out-door market places of Bangor, it will be realized that an Aroostook skipper would have to get his stock at remarkably low prices to make any money by sending it to Bangor. In fact there would be more profit in sending the tubers from Bangor to Aroostook. There is such a thing as sensibly "sending coals to Newcastle" it will be seen by this. From Houlton to Boston the freight on potatoes in carload lots is 17½ cents a bushel, from Fort Fairfield to Boston, 20 a bushel, and from Caribou to Boston, 21 cents a bushel. These prices, added to the jobbing rate, make the cost of laying down Houlton stock in Boston 53½ cents a bushel Fort Fairfield stock 56, and Caribou stock 57 cents a bushel. Thus it will be seen, considering that the Boston price is only about 53 cents a bushel in receivers' lots, that an Aroostook shipper would have to buy much cheaper than the jobbing rate in order to make any profit by shipping tubers to the Hub. He would just at present find Bangor a better field of operations. In 1882 from twenty-five to thirty carloads of potatoes passed through Bangor daily en route from Aroostook to Boston. This season there are scarcely any.

Bangor used once to profit considerably by the potato trade, but now she has little part in it—at least, as far as Boston is concerned. In the years previous to Aroostook's development the potato crop of the country surrounding Bangor was all, or nearly all, centred at the Queen City and shipped thence by sailing vessels to Boston and New York. Good prices were paid the farmers and good freights the vessels. There were several large shipping firms, and in the months of September, October and November the wharves were lined with potato carrying vessels, large and small, while country teams were backed right up so that the rural vehicles often rubbed against the tar, and Maine's two great popular elements, the sailor and farmer, were brought into close contact. In one year over half a million bushels of potatoes were shipped from Bangor to the various ports of the Atlantic coast, and the trade benefited thousands of people besides the original producers.

"What has changed all this?" the reader will naturally ask. Well, first, the development of Aroostook increased the supply, thus cheapening the price, and Penobscot farmers planted fewer potatoes, giving their land to other crops. But even then Bangor for years reaped something of a benefit from the transshipment of the potatoes in the city, for the European & North American Railway, by which the stock came, was broad gauge, and the Maine Central Railroad, by which it departed for Boston, was standard gauge. The cars of the two roads were brought alongside each other in the Maine Central Station, and all winter, large crews of men were employed transferring the potatoes from train to train. The second factor which tended to deprive Bangor of her potato trade benefits, was a great one, and effectually settled the question.

The gauge of the European & North American Railway was narrowed to conform with that of the Maine Central Railway, and then the cars went through without change, and the transhipping crews found their occupation gone. This might naturally have been expected, and the shippers and roads thereby made a great saving. There were a few shipments of potatoes by water to Boston, Gloucester and New York the past season, from Bangor, but of late years about the only movement from here by sailing vessel has been to Charleston and Port Royal, S. C., Moorehead City, N. C., Savannah and Brunswick, Ga., and the Florida ports, limited quantities in barrels going out with shooks, hay, etc., in mixed cargoes.—*Boston Journal.*

THE Atlanta *Constitution* thinks the distressing drought which prevails in Southern Georgia may be due to the destruction of the forests that has been going on for several years in that section.

IF you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills alternated with hot flushes, low spirits and gloomy forebodings, irregular appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from "torpid liver," or "biliousness." In many cases of "liver complaint" only part of these symptoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has no equal, as it effects perfect and radical cures. At all drug stores.

Miscellaneous Items.

☞ The Foreign Exhibition will close on the 5th of January.

☞ The Methodist Church at Attleboro' was burned last Sunday morning. Loss about $17,000.

☞ Twelve thousand employes in the different collieries of Northumberland county, Penn., are temporarily out of work.

☞ Ten houses in Fort Collins, Col., were destroyed by a cyclone last week and many persons were injured.

☞ Charles H. Belcher's shoe factory and residence at Holbrook were burned last Thursday night. Loss $20,000.

☞ A locomotive on the New York & New Haven Railroad exploded on Monday, killing both the engineer and fireman.

☞ An avalanche of snow buried eleven Colorado miners last Friday, six of whom were taken out dead.

☞ The Prince of Wales is reported to be making large purchases of real estate in Kansas City, Mo., and vicinity.

☞ A son of Congressman Whiting, a student at Williston Seminary, has been fined $57 for breaking a fellow student's nose.

☞ It is said that Mexico will not only soon cease to import petroleum from the United States, but become an extensive exporter of the article.

☞ The Tuttle Hotel property at Peru Mass., was burned on Tuesday morning with 30 tons of hay, 3 horses, a lot of swine, and furniture.

☞ A cage containing a number of convict laborers fell 204 feet down a mine at Birmingham, Ala., on Monday, killing and wounding nearly all of its occupants.

☞ A Pullman car was telescoped on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, at Gladstone, Ill., on Thursday night, and one person instantly killed and six others injured.

☞ A New York Irishman has returned his naturalization papers and spurns American citizenship because the United States government did not intefere to save O'Donnell from the gallows.

☞ Last Sunday's snow storm in Ohio turned to rain, freshets carried off bridges, increased the weight of snow so that in some cases buildings were crushed, and did a good deal of mischief generally.

☞ A fire in St. Louis on Monday night destroyed about $250,000 worth of property. Another fire in the same city early Christmas morning destroyed $140,000 worth of property.

☞ A collision of trains on the Eastern Railroad, at Greenland Depot, N. H., on Monday night caused a property loss of about $25,000, and although one of them was loaded with passengers nobody was hurt.

☞ Calvin Eaton, Constable of Seabrook, N. H., was shot and fatally wounded Thursday night in that village by a fellow named Edwin W. Dow, who had not been arrested at last accounts.

☞ The lumbermen on the Penobscot River are now about all in the woods. The stock cut will be larger than was expected, owing to the efforts made to get as much of the timber that was blown down in the late tornado as possible.

☞ In consequence of the washing away of a bridge over the Blue river on the Louisville, New Albany & Chicago Railroad, near Salem, Indiana, on Monday, a train ran into the washout, killing seven and injuring ten persons.

☞ A freight train on the Passumpsic Railroad, was wrecked near Barton Landing on Christmas day by the removal of a rail by the section men. The engine and four cars were completely demolished. No one was injured.

☞ The stables of the Street Railroad Company at Syracuse, N. Y., were burned last Sunday. Twenty-four horses were burned to death, and every street car but one was consumed, together with a large stock of provender.

☞ The executive committee of the colored men's convention have reported a memorial praying Congress to reimburse the unfortunate Freedmen's Bank depositors, on the ground that in winding up the affairs of that concern, the law of insolvency was violated.

☞ At the annual meeting of the Hampden Agricultural Society, Ethan Brooks of West Springfield was re-elected President. J. W. Adams of Springfield, Joseph Merrick of West Springfield, and W. S. Loomis of Holyoke were elected Directors for three years.

☞ The oldest house in Windham county, Ct., built in 1710, was burned at Thompson last week. It was once famous as the "Brass Bull Tavern," from its sign, a small bull of hammered brass. It was once a prominent station on the New York, Hartford and Boston turnpike stage route.

☞ On Monday night a white resident of Yazoo City, Miss., quarreled with a negro butcher; later the negro and his friends shot three white men dead and wounded two others. On Christmas day the murderous butcher was shot dead by citizens who were trying to arrest him.

☞ The Managers of the Loan Exhibition in New York in aid of the Bartholdi pedestal fund, tried the experiment of keeping the exhibition open last Sunday, to enable working people to see the art treasures there collected. The experiment was so successful that it was decided to open the exhibition every Sunday during its continuance.

☞ A very serious riot occurred last Friday in the City of Mexico over the introduction of the new nickel coins, which the lower classes did not take to very kindly. The rumpus finally resulted in a panic, and a mob ruled the city for a time, smashing windows and committing other crimes. The military was called out, and finally quelled the disturbance.

☞ The comet of 1812 is now visible to the naked eye as a small, round nebulous mass in the constellation Cygnus. In small telescopes a tail can be traced one degree and a half in length. In large telescopes the comet presents a fine appearance, with a star-like nucleus and a large coma. The comet will grow brighter till the latter part of January, its perihelion passage being on January 25, when it will be distant from the sun 60,000,000 miles.

☞ A company of English and American capitalists has purchased nearly one million acres of overflowed and swamp land in the parishes of Vermillion, Cameron and Calcasian in Louisiana. The tract stretches along the Gulf for a distance of 100 miles, extending inward 30 miles. The design is to improve the land for agricultural purposes. The company has purchased dredge boats, steam plows and other machinery necessary for the work, and will begin operations at once.

☞ The convicts at the Massachusetts State Prison were granted the usual privileges and something more on Christmas day, and two men were unconditionally pardoned, one of them being John Moran who was serving a life sentence for the murder of his sweetheart in 1867, and the other, George H. Richardson of Charlton, who was convicted one year ago, of murder in the second degree, for shooting his father. It is said that evidence has come to light since his trial, tending to show that the shooting was accidental.

AT DEATH'S DOOR.—Rev. J. H. Richards, of South Haven, Mich, gives us, under date of June 14th, 1882, the following account of what Compound Oxygen did for an old lady seventy years old, who, a year ago, was at death's door:

"Compound Oxygen has done a fine work here in the person of a lady near seventy. She had a pulmonary attack, coughed incessantly and became greatly reduced—in fact, was completely prostrated. The physicians said that they could do no more for her, and that her end was at hand. She used, after this, one Treatment, and was so much relieved that she could endure life. But in two or three months she was again at death's door. Her family were called in to say farewell, and she gave them her dying charge. But not really dying, one of the daughters asked if the Compound Oxygen had ceased to do her good. 'Oh! no, she replied, 'but I have been without it for some time.' A treatment was immediately procured. This was about one year ago. Now she is doing work for her family and going out visiting in her carriage for miles in the country."

Our "*Treatise on Compound Oxygen*" containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases, will be *sent free*. Address, Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia.

The Markets.

BOSTON RETAIL PRICES.

Inside of Faneuil Hall Market.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 26, 1883.

[Corrected weekly by HILTON & WOODWARD, No. 5, *Veal and Mutton*; GEO. H. RUSSELL, Nos. 17 & 19, *Poultry and Game*; H. BIRD & CO., Nos. 38 & 40, *Beef, Pork, Lard and Hams*; CROSBY, BROS. & CO., Nos. 57 & 59, *Butter, Cheese and Eggs*; SANDS, FURBER & CO., Nos. 88 & 90, *Fruit and Vegetables*; SHATTUCK & JONES, No. 128, *Fish*; GEO. E. RICHARDSON & CO., No. 1, F. H. Square, *Fruit and Nuts.*]

Butter, Cheese and Eggs.

Butter, ℔ lb—		Cheese, ℔ lb . .	15 @ 18
Lump, . .	30 @ 50	Sage, ...	16 @ 20
Creamery, . .	30 @ 40	Brie, each, . . .	20 @ 25
Prime tub, . .	28 @ 30	Neufchatel, ea. @	6
2d quality, . .	25 @ 28	Eggs, ℔ doz . .	35 @ 40
common, . .	18 @ 25	Cape, ...	38 @ 45

Fruits and Berries.

Apples—℔ pk .	50 @ 75	Grapes— ℔ lb .	12 @ 20
Cranberries, qt .	@ 15	Lemons, ℔ doz .	25 @ 30
Cocoanuts, ea .	5 @ 8	Oranges, ℔ doz .	50 @ 75

Fruits and Nuts--Dry and Canned.

Almonds, ℔ lb .	20 @ 30	Prunes, ℔ lb .	8 @ 20
Apples, ℔ lb . .	15 @ 20	Peaches, ℔ lb .	30 @ 35
Castana, ℔ lb .	@ 10	℔ qt can . .	20 @ 35
Citron, ℔ lb . .	18 @ 20	Raisins, jay's ℔ b	16 @ 30
Dates, ℔ lb . .	5 @ 7	Valencias, ℔ lb .	10 @ 15
Figs, ℔ lb . . .	15 @ 30	Shagbarks, ℔ qt .	8 @ 10
Filberts, ℔ lb .	15 @ 20	Walnuts, Eng. .	15 @ 20
Peanuts, ℔ lb .	10 @ 15	Naples, ...	@ 20
Pecans, ...	14 @ 17	Zante cur'nts, ℔ lb	@ 12

Vegetables.

Beans, ℔ pk .	87 @ 1 00	℔ bushel . .	80 @ 85
Beets, ℔ pk . .	@ 35	℔ bbl . . .	1 75 @ 2 00
Cabbages, ea .	12 @ 15	sweet, ℔ lb]	4 @ 5
Carrots, ℔ pk .	@ 50	Sage and Thyme—	
Cauliflowers, .	25 @ 50	℔ bch	@ 6
Celery, bch . .	15 @ 25	Salsify, ℔ bch .	@ 10
Horseradish, lb .	@ 20	Squashes—	
Lettuce, ℔ bch .	10 @ 15	Marrow, ℔ lb .	@ 4
Mushrooms, lb .	50 @ 75	Turban, ℔ lb .	4 @ 5
Onions, ℔ pk . .	@ 25	Hubbard, ℔ lb .	4 @ 5
Peas, split, ℔ qt .	@ 16	Turnips, ℔ pk . .	@ 30
Potatoes, ℔ pk .	@ 25		

Meats--Fresh.

Beef, ℔ lb—		Mutton—	
Sirloin steak .	22 @ 28	legs, ℔ lb . .	12 @ 15
Round do. . .	15 @ 22	fore qr, ℔ lb .	9 @ 12
Rib, roast . .	15 @ 22	chops, ℔ lb .	17 @ 20
Chuck rib . .	12 @ 15	Pork, ℔ lb—	
Soup pieces . .	6 @ 8	Roast & steak	11 @ 13
Liver	8 @ 10	Suet, ℔ lb . .	9 @ 11
Halibut, chwp, ea .	@ 10	Tallow, ℔ lb .	6 @ 10
Lamb—		Veal, hind qr ℔ lb	17 @ 20
hind qr, ℔ lb .	11 @ 16	fore qr . . .	10 @ 13
fore qr, ℔ lb .	9 @ 12	loins, . . .	15 @ 25
Lard, tierc, ℔ lb	12 @ 15	Sweetbreads,	30 @ 50
Tried, . . .	13 @ 15		

Meats--Salt, Smoked, &c.

Pork, hams, ℔ lb	13 @ 16	Smoked, ea .	87 @ 1 00
Bacon, ℔ lb .	12 @ 15	Sheep do. ℔ dz .	@ 50
Shoulders, ℔ lb	10 @ 13	Pigs' feet, ℔ lb .	@ 8
Salt, ℔ lb . .	12 @ 15	Sausage, ℔ lb .	10 @ 15
Beef, corned, ℔ lb	9 @ 12	Bologna, ℔ lb	12 @ 15
Smoked, ℔ lb .	20 @ 25	Tripe, ℔ lb . .	10 @ 15
Tongues, ℔ lb .	13 @ 15		

Poultry and Game.

Chickens, ℔ lb .	20 @ 25	squabs, ℔ pr .	75 @ 1 00
Ducks, choice, ℔ lb	20 @ 25	Pigs, sck'ng, ea	1 50 @ 3 00
Fowls, ℔ lb . .	18 @ 20	quarters, ℔ lb	10 @ 15
Geese, ℔ lb . .	@ 15	Snipe, doz . .	2 50 @ 3 00
Green, ℔ lb . .	15 @ 25	Turkeys,	
Partridges, pr .	75 @ 1 00	℔ lb	22 @ 25
Pigeons, ℔ doz	00 @ 2 50		

Fish--Fresh.

Bass, ℔ lb . . .	@ 20	Haddock, ℔ lb . .	@ 7
Cod, ℔ lb . . .	@ 7	Halibut, ℔ lb .	20 @ 25
Pickled, ℔ lb .	8 @ 10	Pickerel, ℔ lb .	12 @ 15
tongues, ℔ lb .	@ 15	Red Snapper, lb .	@ 15
cheeks, ℔ lb .	@ 10	Salmon, lb . . .	@ 35
liver oil, qt . .	@

New England Farmer,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY

DARLING & KEITH,

34 Merchants Row, Boston, Mass.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements, 1st insertion, 12 cts. per line.
Each subsequent insertion, 8 " " "
Business Notices, first " 15 " " "
Each subsequent " 12 " " "
Reading Matter Notices, . . . 50 " " "

Advertisements must be sent in as early in the week as Tuesday, to secure insertion.

Advertisers are charged for the space occupied in nonpareil measure.

Transient advertising must be prepaid.

Notices inserted without extra charge.

No advertisement inserted for less than one dollar.

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☞ The above are *net* prices for all advertising less than $[illegible] in amount.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

The following gentlemen, who are authorized Agents for the NEW ENGLAND FARMER, will canvass for subscriptions and collections in the following Counties in New England:—

[illegible] NYE, ... WORCESTER CO., MS.
[illegible]MAN ROBBINS, . . . WASHINGTON, VT.
[illegible] CHEEVER, ... CALEDONIA CO., VT.
[illegible] CHEEVER, . . . ADDISON CO., VT.
[illegible] WINGATE, ... GRAFTON CO., N. H.
[illegible] BARNES, ... BRISTOL CO., MS.

Subscribers are requested to forward their subscriptions without waiting for the Agent to call. The date on the label will always show how far they have paid.

CLUBBING WITH THE MAGAZINES.

Our subscribers, who are desirous of taking one or more of the leading periodicals, will find it for their advantage to order them in connection with the FARMER, and so secure a material reduction in price.

In the following list, the figures show the price of the other paper and the weekly NEW ENGLAND FARMER, postage paid on both publications.

[illegible] Review	$1 25
[illegible] Monthly	5 50
[illegible] Monthly	5 50
[illegible] Weekly	5 50
[illegible] (weekly,)	5 50
[illegible]	5 50
[illegible] Magazine	5 00
[illegible] Lady's Book	3 75
[illegible] Magazine	3 65
[illegible] Home Magazine	3 75
[illegible]	5 75
[illegible] Monthly Magazine	3 50
[illegible] Agriculturist	3 25
[illegible] Rural Cabinet	3 15
[illegible] Age, (weekly,)	9 25
[illegible] Monthly	6 35
[illegible] Chemistry	3 15
[illegible] Monthly	4 00

Juveniles.

[illegible]	4 75
[illegible]	4 25
[illegible]	2 50
[illegible] and Women	2 90
[illegible] and The Nursery	3 30
[illegible] Young People	3 40
[illegible] (to new subscribers only)	3 50
[illegible]	3 00

POSTAGE FREE.—Subscribers will bear in mind that the above prices *include the cost of postage* on both publications, which is paid by the publishers.

We cannot take any subscriptions for the above for less than one year, and **the money must in all cases accompany the order.** Any of our subscribers who may desire one or more of the above, and who have already paid us for the coming year, can send us the balance required, (found by deducting $2.50 from the price given for both publications, in the above table,) and we will forward promptly the periodicals desired. Subscriptions to the monthlies may commence with January, or with the volume, [illegible] otherwise ordered.

We do *not take subscriptions to any other publications than those above named, nor at any reduction* from the prices here given.

SPECIMEN COPIES.—We cannot furnish specimen copies of any publication except the FARMER.

N.B. After receiving the first number of any periodical ordered, subscribers will know that we have fulfilled our part of the contract, and any complaint of non-reception, or order for change, *should be addressed to the publishers of the periodical in question and not to us.*

Farmers' Directory.

The Business Houses whose cards appear in this column are among the best and most reliable in the city.

ESTABLISHED 1856.
WM. F. BROOKS & CO.
Commission Merchants, and Wholesale Dealers in
FLOUR AND COUNTRY PRODUCE,
Butter, Cheese, **Eggs, Beans, Pork, Lard, Poultry, Dried Apples, &c.**
Country Consignments Solicited.
19 Blackstone St., *under New England House.*
WM. F. BROOKS. BOSTON. CHAS. O. BROOKS.

FURNITURE.

Established in 1836.
W. P. B. BROOKS,
DEALER IN
FURNITURE, CARPETINGS,
Stoves, Feathers, **Mattresses, Clocks, &c.**
151 HANOVER STREET,
1 Blackstone St. BOSTON. 9 Marshall St.

INSURANCE.

Quincy Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
CASH FUND, JANUARY 1, 1883, $482,451.87
Surplus over Re-Insurance, ... $271,818.40
Gain in Cash Fund the past year, ... 22,268.97
Dividends and Surplus the past year, ... 18,309,66
AND EVERY LOSS PAID IN FULL.
Amount at risk, $26,117,877.00.
Total Liabilities, $190,632.57
Dividends paid on every Expiring Policy: 50 per cent. on 5 years, 30 per cent. on 3 years, and 20 per cent. on all others.
ISRAEL W. MUNROE, Pres't and Treas.
CHAS. A. HOWLAND, Sec'y. 17

General Intelligence.

PERSONAL.

Historian, Hubert H. Bancroft, is in [illegible] with three assistants, gathering material for his History of the Pacific States. [illegible] has been received by the leading literary [illegible] as well as by the President of the Republic and heads of departments, with marked [illegible] and respect. The addition to [illegible] from his journey to Mexico, will [illegible] less than 6000 volumes, mostly rare [illegible] and manuscripts, once lodged in [illegible] and convents.

When General Garfield was in London, he [illegible] down to Billingsgate, and seeing some [illegible] little animals, which seemed a cross [illegible] a lobster and a beetle, he asked the [illegible] woman who presided, what they were. [illegible] a pint," said she. "But," said [illegible] *what are they?*" "Fourpence the pint, [illegible]." "But," he persisted, "what is [illegible] name of the animals you have for sale?" [illegible] *shrimps*," and, with a look of con[illegible] indignation, "that's all *you* want-[illegible]

Rev. Thomas D. Anderson, D. D., pastor of the South Baptist Church, South Boston, [illegible] suddenly on Wednesday, at his residence, [illegible] G Street, South Boston. He had been complaining since last May, and shortly after partaking of breakfast that morning, expired. He was about sixty-four years old, [illegible] was one of the leading clergymen of his denomination, the ministry of which he entered more than forty years ago, as pastor of the First Baptist Church of Salem, where he remained about six years. For fourteen years after, he was pastor of the First Baptist Church in Roxbury, removing from there to New York City. For the past four or five years, however, he has been settled in Boston. During his whole life he has been very prominent in all the missionary enterprises of his denomination.

John W. Garrett of Baltimore sent his check for four thousand dollars as a Christmas gift to the Poor Association of that city.

The London correspondent of the New York *Times* writes of Mr. Tennyson: "It is understood that the proposal to ennoble the Poet Laureate comes entirely from without, and has never been encouraged by either himself or his family. Personally he is well known to be a man of very simple tastes and habits, is no politician, and although a brilliant talker, is no speechmaker, and would be wholly out of his element in the House of Lords, an institution of which he does not entertain by any means a high opinion. It is remembered just now that of the twenty-one poets who have held the post of Laureate, only one, Sir William Davenant, who succeeded Ben Jonson in 1637, ever had a title, and he was only a Knight: so that a precedent for the present proposal is wholly wanting. Sir Walter Scott accepted a Baronetcy and declined the Laureateship; Southey accepted the Laureateship and declined a Baronetcy. Whenever a peerage is to be conferred, one material question for consideration is as to whether the intended peer is rich enough to support a title. There is reason to believe that no difficulty exists in this respect in the case of Mr. Tennyson. Without being a man of great wealth, it is certain that he has made a good deal of money in his time, and the estimate that he has gained something like £100,000 by his writing may be an exaggeration, yet I should think it is not very wide of the mark."

IMPORTANT.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The Massachusetts Horticultural Society met on Saturday, President F. B. Hayes in the chair. The President announced that the Executive Committee had taken action in co-operation with the Horticultural Society of Worcester in bringing before the Legislature the matter of freeing horticultural societies from taxes. The Executive Committee re-elected the Treasurer and Secretary of last year.

He announced as the subject of the day the cultivation of carnations, pansies and violets, and Mr. C. M. Atkinson was the first speaker, and referred to an essay which he wrote on pansies in Hovey's Magazine in 1858, giving indication of the requisites for good pansies. He pointed out that form is the chief point to be considered in judging pansies, and size the least. Form includes not only shape but smoothness of margin and perfect flatness of petal, which should be so disposed as to form a perfect circle. The second point of importance in the pansy is the substance of the petals, which should be thick and velvety, thereby enabling the plants to stand well. The best judges of Europe hold it essential that the three bottom petals agree in shape, whatever be the colors of the upper ones. No flower with the ground color stained can be admitted as first class. The plant should have a rich mold and regular degree of moisture. Begin to prepare a bed as soon as the ground and the weather permit; for aspect avoid, if possible, the full glare of the sun. If the soil be naturally poor, wet, heavy or sandy, counteract all these evils by striking the medium; plant one foot apart and six inches from the edge of the bed; give a good watering after planting, and stir the surface often with the Dutch hoe. If the weather continues dry, be sure to pay a ready visit with waterpot in the evening, thoroughly wetting the ground. The pansy suffers very little from frost, but at the same time should be well protected in severe weather.

The present perfection of the carnation is the result of long and careful cultivation. Good, deep garden soil, enriched with good manure should be used. Dig deep and thoroughly, and when the weather is fairly settled set out the plants nine inches by twelve apart; stir the surface frequently, and as soon as they begin to "spindle," or throw up their flower stems, remove all but one, which tie to a neat strong stake, and then determine on the number of buds to leave, varying according to the strength or character of the plant, which will not be less than two nor more than five. Shade in the hottest part of the day is necessary.

Mr. N. W. Wood said that the carnation is grown to such extent for our markets that those who cultivate can afford to do so in special houses, as this flower requires an atmosphere different from most other flowers. By nipping off the leading stocks as they grow, the plants will become more stocky than otherwise. The pansy is one of the most satisfactory flowers that can be grown by anybody. He never would put his in a green house. Vice President Strong said that for commercial purposes it will hardly be necessary to pot small carnations. Mr. Ross spoke briefly on the culture of pansies. Colonel Wilson said that it is not well for an amateur to preserve the seed of pansies, unless the variety is very choice. The irrigation of this plant can be done better by a regular system of irrigation than by sprinkling, and it should be with warm water.

Mr. E. L. Beard said that the carnation is never seen in perfection in this country. The carnation needs a lime soil, which it does not often get in this country. Lime is an enemy to the small white worms that attack the roots. The pansy must be brought into use in early spring, as up to May it is of little use to an amateur. It must not have heavy manure, as among the evils of this is the tendency to the breeding of slugs. Leaf mold is much preferable. The pansy is not fond of strong sunlight after the middle of May. Ex-President Marshall P. Wilder said that a great element of all success is a proper administration of light, air and moisture. He found that the carnations must be kept as cool as possible and have plenty of air, and that they did not grow well in connection with other flowers.

BAD temper often proceeds from those painful disorders to which women are subject. In female complaints Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is a certain cure. By all druggists.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.—The New York *Shipping List* says the exports of Butter from the United States this year have been nearly or quite 100 per cent larger than last year, due possibly to the fact that the average price of that shipped was three cents per pound less, namely an average of 17.6 cents per pound this year, against 20.1 last year.

The exports of Cheese, on the other hand, have fallen off a little, compared with last year, the average price of the quantity shipped this year having been 10.9 cents per pound against 10.7 last year. When we consider that the price at which we export a surplus product determines the selling value of such commodity for consumption, it becomes patent that at present the profits in butter manufacture have declined within a year very considerably in favor of cheese. As there is considerable option as to whether milk shall be used in the manufacture of cheese, it may be well for dairymen to have the relative exporting value of butter and cheese in mind in determining which way they shall use their milk, and also, if possible, have the facilities at their command for resorting to either method.

THE Chinese are exasperating the San Francisco Custom House officials by ingenious smuggling. They store opium in the soles of Chinese shoes, in pails with false bottoms, in logs of wood, in hollow broom-handles and other unexpected places.

GENTLEMEN whose beards are not of the tint which they desire, can remedy the defect by using Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

THE Ogdensburg *Journal* characterizes the talk about preserving the Adirondacks as "senseless twaddle," put forth with the foolish expectation of stopping the wheels of progress in Northern New York. "It is just as essential," it remarks, "to the prosperity of St. Lawrence, Franklin and the other counties which make the wilderness, that the lumber and minerals shall be utilized, as it is that water shall run down the Hudson. The men who insist that progress must stop in northern New York now, so that some one may shoot game in the twentieth century, will have a good time in enforcing their notions."

THE comfort afforded is worth many times the cost of a pair of Wilsonia Magnetic Insoles. Cold feet are impossible while wearing them and they ward off Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat and Diphtheria. Sold by druggists and shoe dealers. Price 50 cents.

THE Gold Coast (Africa) *Times* of September 14, says: "On the 1st or 2d of this month the sun was described as being blue in the morning. It seems it rose, as usual, and that the clouds which passed over it, from their greater rarity or density, gave it different apparent shades of rose color, pink, and so on. After the passage of the clouds its appearance through the haze was white, like the moon. In fact, an Englishman is said to have taken it for the moon."

CURED WHEN PHYSICIANS GIVE UP.—"Our family physician gave up our child to die," wrote Henry Knee, Esq., of Verilla, Warren, Co., Tenn. "It had fits. *Samaritan Nervine* has cured the child." $1.50.

JOHN CODMAN, writing to the New York *Evening Post* of the future of California, says: "The era of wheat will come to an end like those of gold, of hides and tallow, and of Indian hunting for furs of wild beasts. In the near future we can see in its stead a land of fruit trees and vines, a new France in our republic, greater than France, a republic by herself.

THAT weak back or pain in the side or hips you will find immediately relieved when a *Hop Plaster* is applied. It strengthens the muscles, giving the ability to do hard work without suffering. Take none but this, 'tis sure.

MR. FULTON PAUL, United States Consul at Odessa, Russia, writes that although the illuminating power of Russian petroleum is less than that of the American, it has driven the latter out of the Southern Russian market on account of its greater cheapness, and will doubtless seriously affect its sale in Europe.

VEGETINE is now acknowledged by our best physicians to be the only sure and safe remedy for all diseases arising from impure blood, such as scrofula and scrofulous humors.

IT is now claimed for the dense and almost suffocating London fogs that they are powerful disinfectants, and absorb noxious gases and deadly germs that if left undisturbed would work terrible results in the health of the population of the city.

SOME entirely new reminiscences of Charles Dickens have been written by his daughter, Miss Mamie Dickens, for the *Youth's Companion*.

A CANADIAN-AMERICAN tells the Toronto *Globe* that there are now 4000 Canadians in Minneapolis who found it impossible to live in Manitoba under the Dominion Government. He declares that the country has been made the spoil of officials.

GOOD health is greatest of fortunes; no remedy has so often restored this prize to the suffering, as Hood's Sarsaparilla. Try it.

THE Montreal *Witness* complains that game of all sorts is being swept out of Canada from end to end by pot-hunters, with the most effective appliances for slaughter, for the market. The mischief is charged upon Americans.

THE fences of England are estimated to have cost $250,000,000, and to require an annual outlay of $32,000,000.

THE NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

At the opening of the recent annual session of the Massachusetts State Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, Worthy Master James Draper, paid his respects to the New England Agricultural Society in a very vigorous and outspoken manner. He said:—

I wish to voice the sentiments expressed by the master of the National Grange in his recent address on the subject of agricultural fairs: "Agricultural societies have done much good by establishing fairs; yet these are generally the work of a few right-minded, enthusiastic men, aided sometimes by aspiring politicians. At these fairs the great attractions generally are implements and works of art, while the products of the soil offer the least attraction; and, to bring farmers out in any numbers, it is actually necessary to introduce as prominent features horse races and numerous side shows.

"The above is from the first paper issued by the founders, defining the purposes of the order, and is followed by suggestions for revolutionizing these fairs. Any man who has observed the growing tendency of our fairs has not failed to be convinced that many of them have cut loose from their sheet-anchor, agriculture, and have become places for mere recreation, amusement, gambling and horse-racing, where betting and pool-selling are practised openly and with the full permission and endorsement of those managing and controlling them. Thousands of dollars are taken at a single fair, in fees for licenses granted to gambling and other demoralizing institutions, to be run and operated upon the grounds during the fair. The tendency of this is to popularize and encourage gambling and immorality. Young men and boys are enticed into these practices, and not only robbed of their money, but often of moral character and manhood as well.

"If it is true, as is claimed by some of the managers, that public fairs cannot be sustained without resorting to such means to obtain funds for their support, they have certainly outlived their usefulness, and should be "placed upon the retired list," and practical, useful and common sense fairs established in their places. In many localities annual fairs are held under the auspices of subordinate granges, and are generally successful, and growing into favor and popularity. County and district fairs have also in some instances passed under the control of our order, with good and most satisfactory results. This subject is worthy of your consideration."

Let me ask, is there one word of censure in Master Woodman's statement but what would apply to the recent fair of the New England Society, held at Manchester, N. H., and is it not necessary to admit more too, that they also permitted the open sale of intoxicating drinks on the grounds? Shall this state of affairs go on for years to come without a protest of the members of that society, so many of whom are members of this order? I know that the Patrons of New Hampshire feel keenly the shame and disgrace of the gambling, drinking and its demoralizing influences, which were countenanced by the management of the society in Manchester. I know that the Patrons and members of the society in Maine have taken no part in the work of this society for years, as they cared not to be associated with a society that existed only on paper, and was kept under the close control and dictation of less than half a dozen men who had little interest in agriculture, but a very large interest in using the society for their personal aggrandizement.

I believe that the Patrons of Vermont have no sympathy with the present management, and the protest made against such proceedings, such as was witnessed at their last exhibition, by a speaker at the meeting of their annual State Grange just held, was received with such applause as bespoke, in unmistakable language, their unanimous disapproval of them. I know that many, very many, Patrons from our own State re-echo the feeling already expressed from the other New England States. Some of you will ask how was it at the four annual fairs of the society held in Worcester, in respect to this disgraceful work. I answer that the management of our local society, on whose grounds the fair was held, were not to be overshadowed by those higher powers; and when these gamblers and dram-sellers applied to the chairman of the committee on grounds for the privilege of carrying on their degrading business on the fair grounds, they received an answer that could not be misunderstood. "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther," said the chairman, so long as I am in charge of the grounds. He was a true Patron, and what he said he adhered to to the last. The committee of arrangements were approached by these same men, and large sums of money offered them, but they stood nobly by the chairman, first and last. Over three-fourths of that committee were also Patrons tried and true. This, then, is our answer: We had men who would not yield right motives to subserve the wishes of a society whose opportunities for benefiting the New England farmers have been lost sight of in their desire to receive pecuniary gain at a sacrifice of all moral principles. Shall it in the future be said that a cheap annual ride to Boston, with a sumptuous free dinner at "Parker's," shall have such a controlling influence over the members that they will wink at this state of affairs which was sanctioned by the officers of this society; and unanimously re-elect those same self-appointed officers as a vindication of their "wise and prudent management?" Patrons and farmers, if you expect any change for the better in the management of that society, or your local societies, which, although not so bad in their degrading influence, are susceptible of great improvement in making them helps to agricultural progress, instead of being made to subserve the interests of stock-breeders and horsemen, to the exclusion of the interests of the farmers in general, for whom agricultural fairs were supposed to be established, you must discuss and agitate this matter in your granges, farmers' clubs and institutes; and then, by united action, as a body of farmers, you will be able to control the management of these fairs, freeing them from these incumbrances and make them "agricultural" in their work as well as name.

A CRISIS IN TOBACCO.

It will be remembered by the readers of *The Homestead*, more than nine months ago that the defects of the new tariff law wherein they relate to tobacco, were pointed out by Mr. S. G. Hubbard, of Hatfield, Mass., who represented the New England Tobacco Growers' Association at Washington, last winter, when the matter was up before Congress. The law reads as follows:

"Leaf tobacco, of which 85 per cent is of the requisite size and of the necessary fineness of texture to be suitable for wrapper, and of which more than one hundred leaves are required to weigh a pound, if not stemmed seventy-five cents per pound; if stemmed, one dollar per pound."

Strong efforts were made before the Congressional Committee of Conference to amend the 85 per cent provision by substituting 50 per cent, under which nothing could be gained by mixing fillers with wrappers, in order to make a saving in the duties.

We knew two months ago that the importers were working up a test case. An invoice of Sumatra tobocco had been imported for the purpose of testing the tariff law on Sumatra tobacco. The tobacco was packed 20 per cent poor trash and 80 per cent fine wrappers. The case was referred to the Secretary of the Treasury, and he has just decided that anyone can import tobacco packed in this manner provided there is not over 85 per cent of the package fit for wrappers, under the 35c rate, and the smart importer has gained by this trick an extra profit of 35c per pound above his honest neighbor. The small difference is not much gain in protection to boast of by the farmers.

The danger now is, that on the strength of this decision, during the recess of Congress, large quantities of Sumatra tobacco will be imported into New York. The market is already seriously affected. In view of these facts, all farmers interested in the production of tobacco, should use what influence they can bring to bear on their Senators and Members of Congress of both political parties, to make a united effort to prevent the disastrous results to trade and business that may possibly follow the Secretary's decision. Perhaps the Secretary can be induced to suspend his ruling so as to require the importers to pay the whole 75c duty, under protest, and then let it go to the courts for final decision. In the meantime, perhaps a joint resolution could be passed through both Houses of Congress, setting forth the true meaning of the law.

In either event immediate action is required. The matter is one that comes home with especial force to those who have not yet sold their crops. The annual meeting of the New England Tobacco Growers' Association, to be held at the State House in Hartford, Ct., on next Tuesday, comes not a whit too soon. It should be attended by every farmer or other person interested in fair living prices for domestic tobacco. Those who are not members should join at once. A committee representing the Association should be sent to Washington without delay. This committee should stay there until its purpose is accomplished. Liberal funds for this purpose should be provided. Had the committee been at Washington last winter during the whole time the matter was before Congress, the unfortunate wording of the law could have been prevented, and the present crisis averted. As the matter now stands, the farmers throughout the tobacco growing sections of the United States, must instantly and concertedly demand of their Congressmen immediate attention to their necessities in the matter of a tariff on foreign tobacco.—*New England Homestead.*

PROFITS OF GRAPE CULTURE.

B. B. Blowers of Woodland, in an interview with a newspaper reporter, gives some interesting statistics concerning the profits of grape culture. He says: "I have made 250 boxes of raisins from one acre of vines, worth from $2 to $2.50 per box. Of shipping grapes the yield will average ten tons to the acre, and four tons to the acre of wine grapes. Table grapes bring $40 per ton; wine grapes from $20 to $30 per ton. For shipping, I use the Emperor, which yields as high as fourteen tons per acre. Preparing the ground is but a trifling cost—probably $5 per acre. I estimate the first cost of planting a vineyard all the way from $20 to $40 per acre, including the first year's cultivation, irrigation and rooted vines.

A vineyard if handled with judgment ought to come into bearing in three years. I have a small patch of seedless Sultanas three years old. I have got five tons for the third year, ten tons for the fourth year, twelve tons for the fifth year and seventeen tons for the sixth year. I do not believe that grape growing will be overdone for a great many years. Whenever grapes become unprofitable for raisins, we can feed them to our pork, and then the raisins will soon be in demand again. Grapes will fatten pork faster than any other known food. Hogs fed upon this food will increase from two to three pounds per day. I think that I can safely say that the profit on the better class of raisins is at least $100 per acre. For the past six years the profits have averaged over $100 per acre." He has made as high as $11,000 clear profit from the five acres, and hired all his work done.—*San Diego (Cal.) Herald.*

HORSE POWERS.—It is almost like "gilding refined gold," to a say word in praise of the horse powers manufactured by A. W. Gray's Sons of Middletown Springs, Vt. They have for many years maintained their position at the head of all similar machines, a position that was won in the first place simply by merit. They are simple, durable and efficient, and at the same time easy upon the horses, a consideration certainly of no minor importance. They are very largely used in running threshing and wood-sawing machines, and we think would be admirably adapted for the running of ensilage cutters, one power being sufficient, (with a little judgment) for the use of a whole neighborhood.

—Professor L. B. Arnold is inclined to doubt the commonly received opinion that cheese is a very valuable article of food. Chemists, to be sure, have shown that is composed of fat and casein, both highly nutritious, but neither of these elements exists in ordinary, acid cheese, in a perfectly digestible form, and he compares such cheese to a raw potato, which, while consisting of precisely the same elements as the cooked potato, is almost entirely indigestible.

VERMONT MERINO BREEDERS.—The annual meeting of the Vermont Merino Breeders' Association will be held in the School House Hall at Middlebury on Wednesday, Jan. 9th, beginning at 11 o'clock A. M.

MOST interesting results have been attained by lowering incandescent electric lamps into the sea. The fish are attracted to them in great numbers. Practical use by fishermen may some day be made of this oddity.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

A FLORIDA JURY.—The average citizen of Maine, might, I think, learn some things from the poor of Florida. For instance, an acquaintance of mine was recently prosecuted for stealing a pig from a darkey, and brought before a trial Justice and twelve sage men, white and colored. Now the prevailing custom is said to be, to render a verdict against the man who can pay the costs. But it was hot, and the jury thirsty, so the verdict was: "Not Guilty," but the end was not yet.

While the young New Jersey man was congratulating himself upon his good luck, the marshal stepped up to him, and said:

"Sir, do you not know it is customary for the lucky man to treat the jury?"

Of course the jury were invited to the bar, after which ceremony I never saw a set of twelve wise men look more satisfied with a verdict than these did. This all came under my personal observation, and I confess that it showed me a new phase of the law, and I doubt not that in time, if our prohibitory law could only be successfully removed, we might have similar justice in our petty courts in good old Maine.—*Cor. of Portland, Me., Press.*

THE ABOLITION OF KITCHENS.—The prevailing notion that the kitchen is woman's peculiar province is all humbug. She is no better fitted to the work of the kitchen than man, and in nine cases out of ten she has no sort of business fooling with such deadly things as articles of food can become when improperly handled. Woman has ceased to weave in her domestic life, ceased to brew, ceased to make the clothes of the men-folks—it can all be done better and cheaper by corporations specially designed to do these things on a large scale. Cooking will soon join the others, and woman will be given more time for self-improvement, more time to train her children, more time to overcome the weaknesses of her emotional nature. And the household will be better sustained. The cost of running a kitchen will be saved; the doctor's bill rendered necessary by woman's overwork will be saved, and the woman will be able, often, to earn an income in an industrial occupation.

YOUNG or middle aged men suffering from nervous debility, loss of memory, premature old age, as the result of bad habits, should send three stamps for Part VII of Dime Series pamphlets. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

The World Abroad.

SUMMARY OF LATEST FOREIGN DESPATCHES.

Great Britain.

London has been startled by another dynamite explosion, this time at Birkenhead. A great many windows were broken, but no person was injured. Of course the affair is laid to the Irish Invincibles, though as yet no clue has been found to the identity of the guilty parties.

Five of the Glasgow dynamiters have been sentenced to imprisonment for life, and five to seven years penal servitude.

Kerrigan, the witness on whose testimony the murderers of the Huddy family were convicted, was shot last week during a riot in Cong, County Mayo, Ireland.

The police declare that there is no foundation for the rumors of a plot against the life of Mr. Gladstone and for the destruction of public buildings by explosives. The precautions that have been taken at Hawarden Castle (Mr. Gladstone's residence) and elsewhere, were in consequence of vague threats. Many special police remain on guard at London bridge to prevent the carrying out of threats alleged to have been made by Fenians to blow the structure up with dynamite. In addition to patrols on the bridge itself a number of special constables in boats row about in the river to prevent the approach of any suspicious craft.

The steamer St. Augustine, from Manila for Liverpool, was burned on Sunday last in the Bay of Biscay. It is believed that 50 out of the 80 persons who were on board of her lost their lives by the disaster.

It is reported that the British government has explicitly informed the Egyptian government that it will not attempt to re-conquer the Soudan, nor will it permit Egypt to make the attempt. England, however, is willing that any other power should do so at Egypt's request, providing the Khedive incurs no expense in the undertaking. England is willing to send a fleet to Alexandria and to assist in the defence of strictly Egyptian territory, if the same is threatened by El Mahdi.

France.

The Senate has adopted the Tonquin credits measure by a practically unanimous vote.

The Chamber of Deputies on Saturday adopted an order of the day requesting the government to suspend the execution of the recent decree which repealed the prohibition of the importation of American pork.

It is reported that France will permit no interference with her Tonquin programme; neither will she negotiate for peace with China until after the French troops occupy Bacninh. It is likewise reported that the French losses in the recent battle at Sontay were much greater than the official statement indicated.

Prince Napoleon has withdrawn from the candidacy for member of the Chamber of Deputies for Barbezieux.

Russia.

The Czar was thrown from his sledge in the streets of St Petersburg on the 10th and seriously injured.

The remains of Commander DeLong and his comrades of the ill-fated Jeannette expedition arrived at Irkutsk last week in charge of Lieutenants Harber and Schuetze of the United States Navy. The coffins were borne in procession through the streets escorted by a detachment of troops. A multitude of people joined in the cortege. Many wreaths were placed upon the coffins, and printed copies of poems describing the exploits and unhappy end of the party were distributed among the crowd. The two officers, with the bodies in charge are now on their way to St. Petersburg.

General Items.

A severe earthquake shock was experienced at Lisbon on Saturday last.

Mamale, a town in Granada, was partially destroyed by a gale on the 19th instant, injuring many persons.

A woman has been arrested at Leyden, Holland, who has confessed to murdering sixteen persons in the last five years.

Prince Frederick William, while at the Quirinal, extended an invitation to King Humbert and Queen Margherita to visit the German court, and the invitation was accepted. The visit will probably be made next spring.

By the burning of a German Israelite school at Galata, a suburb of Constantinople, last Sunday, from twenty to thirty persons are supposed to have perished in the flames.

It is reported at Cairo that a counter revolution against El Mahdi has broken out in the province of Darfour. Advices from the Soudan state that El Mahdi, with his forces, is moving in a westerly direction from El Obeid. The King of Abyssinia is reported to be making preparations on a large scale to take a hand in the fighting in Egypt.

The French forces, under Admiral Courbet, captured several of the strongly-fortified villages outside of Sontay, Tonquin, on the 14th instant. The Chinese are reported to have made a stubborn resistance. The French troops occupied the citadel of Sontay on Monday morning last, the Chinese forces having evacuated it on Sunday night. The outer enceinte was carried by assault on Sunday evening by the French troops, assisted by the flotilla. The French loss was fifteen killed and sixty wounded, according to the official reports, though the London papers profess to have information that it was really much greater.

The Chilians have evacuated Arequipa, Peru, and affairs are quiet there.

The Haytien rebels at Miragoane are reported to be anxious to surrender.

Business Notices.

SCROFULA.

No remedy offered the public so positively eradicates scrofulous sores, humors, and impurities from the blood as Hood's Sarsaparilla. The remarkable cures of men, women and children prove it a reliable and wonderful medicine. C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. Sold by druggists and dealers.

Marriages and Deaths.

MARRIED.

In Chelsea, Dec. 19, by Rev. C. P. H. Nason, Mr. Douglas S. Biggs of Boston to Miss Hattie F. Perkins of Chelsea.

In Everett, Dec. 18, by Rev. S. P. Cook, assisted by Rev. C. P. H. Nason, Mr. Aaron W. Hempleman of Richmond, Ind., to Miss Elizabeth C. Raymond of Chelsea.

In North Hampton, N. H., Dec. 19, by Rev. T. V. Haines, Mr. Joseph O. Hobbs, of Boston, Mass., and Mrs. Annie F. Hobbs of North Hampton, N. H.

In West Newton, Dec. 20, by Rev. Dr. Miner, Mr. Levi H. Elwell of Northampton to Miss Abbie Miner Nickerson of West Newton.

In Unionville, Ct., Dec. 20, by Rev. D. N. Griffin, Moses W. Maynard of Sudbury, Mass., to Jennie E. Griffin of Granby, Ct.

DIED.

In Arlington, Dec. 22, Judith Ann, wife of Joseph Butterfield, 66 yrs. 5 mos.

In Cambridgeport, Dec. 22, Mrs. Harriet M. Chamberlin, 61 yrs. 6 mos.

In Bridgewater, Dec. 20, Philo W. Keith, 36 yrs.

In Kennebunk, Me., Dec. 20, William F. Lord, 62 yrs. 10 mos.

In Cohassett, Dec. 20, Lewis Lincoln, 75 yrs. 10 mos.

In Hopkinton, Dec. 21, Eliza W., wife of E. J. Jenks.

In Florence, Dec. 21, Mrs Sarah H. Haven, formerly of Northboro', 70 yrs.

In Framingham, Dec. 21, Frederick A. Billings, 85 yrs. 9 mos.

At North Cambridge, Dec. 20, Mary E., wife of J. Harris Cutter, 44 yrs. 3 mos.

In Lawrence, Dec. 23, Sarah Elizabeth, wife of Joseph P. Battles of Lawrence, and eldest daughter of Henry K. Oliver of Salem.

In Medford, Dec. 20, John W. Hastings, aged 64 yrs.

In Quincy, Dec. 18, William H. Packard, 71 yrs. 2 mos.

In Andover, Dec. 18, Maria J., wife of J. F. Carlton, 54 yrs.

In Randolph, Mass., Dec. 17, S. F. Danforth, 50 yrs. 2 mos.

In Wayland, Dec. 20, the Rev. John Burt Wight, aged 93 yrs. 7 mos.

In Taunton, Dec. 19, Adaline Luscomb, widow of Abijah Luscomb, 73 yrs.

In Newburyport, Dec. 17, Elbridge G. Merrill, 71 yrs. 7 mos.

In Worcester, Dec. 14, Mrs. Louise, wife of the late Capt. Lincoln F. Baker, aged 76 yrs. 2 mos.

In Leominster, Dec. 18, Mrs. Mary Ann, widow of the late Abel Bowers, 90 yrs. 2 mos.

In Waltham, Dec. 23, Martha Stedman, wife of Ira E. Johonnot.

At Greenwood, Dec. 22, Mary, widow of the late Ebenezer Tasker of Boston, 87 yrs. 6 mos.

☞ *Persons ordering articles advertised in our columns, will please say that they saw the advertisement in the NEW ENGLAND FARMER.*

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FOR SALE,

A FINE FULL BLOODED COTSWOLD Ram, two years old, brought up as a cosset. Having no use for him will sell cheap. Apply to T. L. BROWNE, 5 N. F. H. Market, Boston, Mass. 2t52

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Samples 10c. SILK MANUFACT'Y, Clintonville, Conn. 4t52

40 OLD VIOLINS. Best collection of genuine old violins ever offered in this country; Amati, Stradivarius, Maggini, Guanarius, &c., 100 to 250 years old; prices from $25 to $300 each; also, violins made from very old wood, having all the peculiar qualities of genuine old violins, prices $30, $35, $40 each; 500 varieties of new violins; prices, $1 to $125 each; fine new violins, strong, powerful tones, for $5, $10, $15, $20, $25 each; every one warranted; over 1000 in tune to test and compare. Bows and Cases. 75 to $85 each. Send for catalogue. ELIAS HOWE, 88 Court st., Boston.

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The first Almanac using the
NEW STANDARD TIME.
Contains Business Directory, Street Directory, Events of Past Year, Members of Congress, Mass. State Government, Post Office Regulations, Judiciary, City Officers, Express List, Churches, Societies, etc.
WITH A FINE MAP OF BOSTON.
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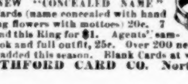

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(For One, Two or Three Horses)

—FOR—
SAWING WOOD
With Circular and Drag Saws,
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MACHINES FOR THRESHING GRAIN,

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The Finest and Best ever made in America, and equal to any ever shown in the Capitals of Europe.

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In which is displayed a myriad of Art Products and varied Manufactures of rare beauty and value. The present opportunities for viewing these should be eagerly embraced by all classes of our people, and especially by those desirous of selecting gifts for the approaching Holiday season. Every article on exhibit is for sale (and will be delivered at once) at such remarkably low prices as to commend them to all.

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Huntington Avenue cars from Tremont House direct, every 5 minutes. Columbus Avenue cars to West Newton St.
Admission to entire exhibition **50 cts.** Children's tickets, **25 cts.** Family tickets, 12 admissions, **$5.**
Open daily, 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. 6t48

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(WEYMOUTH PATENT.)

Awarded FIRST ORDER OF MERIT at Melbourne Exhibition, 1880.
Was awarded the **first premium** at the International Exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876, and accepted by the Judges as **SUPERIOR TO ANY OTHER KNIFE IN USE.**

It is the **BEST KNIFE** in the *world* to cut *fine feed* from bale, to cut down *mow* or *stack*, to cut *cornstalks* for feed, to cut *peat*, or for *ditching* in marshes, and has no equal for cutting ensilage from the silo. **TRY IT.**
IT WILL PAY YOU.
Manufactured only by
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Pure Bred Berkshire Swine,
High Grade Yorkshire Swine,
Ayrshire and Holstein Cattle,

Always on hand and for sale. Write for what you want, or visit the farm. CHAS. W. WOLCOTT,
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I HAVE FOR SALE YOUNG PIGS; also, a few Boars fit for service. My stock is as good as can be found in New England. Prices reduced to correspond with the price of pork. Send for a circular and price list. S. J. HASTINGS,
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NEAR MARKETS.

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Twenty very fine heifers to calve this winter, just imported and for sale at fair prices.
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Legal Notices.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS. MIDDLESEX, SS. PROBATE COURT. To the Heirs-at-Law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the Estate of CALVIN R. FITTS, late of Sudbury, in said County, deceased, Greeting: Whereas, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by HELEN FRANCES FITTS, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, and that she may be exempt from giving a surety or sureties on her bond pursuant to said will and statute; You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first Tuesday of January next, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same. And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the NEW ENGLAND FARMER, printed at Boston, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this eleventh day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three.
3t50♀ J. H. TYLER, Register.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS. MIDDLESEX, SS. PROBATE COURT. To the next of Kin, Creditors, and all other persons interested in the Estate of DAVID SKELTON, late of Burlington, in said County, deceased, intestate: Whereas, application has been made to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased, to BRADFORD SKELTON, of Burlington, in the County of Middlesex; You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first Tuesday of January next, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against granting the same. And the said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the NEW ENGLAND FARMER, printed at Boston, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this eleventh day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three.
3t50 J. H. TYLER, Register.

EXHIBIT SHOWING ANNUAL INCOME, COST AND PROFIT OF SMELTING AND REFINING WORKS CAPABLE OF REDUCING TO BULLION 30 TONS OF ORE PER DAY.

COST OF SMELTING AND REFINING WORKS, sampler with one furnace and all outfits, including building and machinery for 10 furnaces	*$30,000*
CASH IN TREASURY for ore and fuel purchasing fund	*70,000*
TOTAL AMOUNT INVESTED	*$100,000*

NET PROFIT of Smelting Ore is $10 per ton, hence a 30 ton smelter will net per day, *$300.00*
IF IN OPERATION 300 days in the year, it would return a NET PROFIT of *$90,000*, or 90 PER CENT upon the above amount invested.
THE COST OF ADDING NINE ADDITIONAL FURNACES, connected with the same building and machinery will not exceed *$27,000*.
MAKING A TOTAL CAPACITY per day of 300 tons of ore, which at a profit of $10 per ton, would net daily, *$3,000*.
IF THE SMELTER WORKS 300 days yearly, the NET ANNUAL PROFIT should be *$900,000*
THE FOUR GREAT ore producing centres, ARIZONA, COLORADO, NEW MEXICO and UTAH, produced during the year 1878, in Gold, Silver and Lead, upwards of *$18,976,000*
THE SAME PLACES in 1882, produced *$47,188,091*.
THE TOTAL PRODUCT of these four places was *$163,474.591*, and is continually increasing, and the ore product is largely in excess of the capacity of the smelters and mills.

THE NEW ENGLAND & COLORADO MINING AND SMELTING CO.
propose to locate its Smelting and Refining Works, at either Denver or Pueblo, Colorado, where cheap freights quick and easy transportation, a grea quantity and variety of ores, plenty of fuel and flux will enable it to drain from these four localities their ores, they all being naturally tributary thereto. Cheap and rapid transportation for the Company's freights is now being arranged with different railroads.
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HIRAM BLAISDELL, Banker, &c., 4 Post Office Square, Boston, Mass. MENTION THIS PAPER.
4t52

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Animal Meal, or something to make Hens Lay,
Is made of fresh meat, fresh bone, dried and ground to a sweet meal, which fowls eat greedily, stimulating egg production, and a healthy condition. Trial Bags, 15 lbs., 50 cents; 30 lbs., $1.00; 100 lbs., $2.50.
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Circulars, giving particulars in full, mailed free. Address
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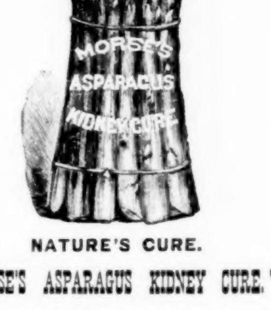

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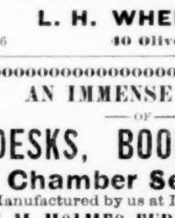
Received the highest award at **Five Worlds' Fairs.** Received over 150 Medals and Diplomas. Received a Special Silver Medal at the New England Fair in Manchester, N. H., 1883. This reliable, self regulating, storm proof and noiseless Windmill, after a test of 16 years, has become a favorite wherever known. Over 18,000 are now in use. Hundreds of the prominent citizens of New England are among the Eclipse Patrons, and will testify to its merits. We offer to the public, no fulsome words of praise, but simply point to what has been done, and to a plain statement of facts from our Patrons. Autograph testimonials shown to any who will call. All water supply materials promptly furnished. Pumps, Water Pipe, Small and Railroad frost-proof Tanks a specialty.



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GARGET CURE!
Cures Garget in Cattle in 3 or 4 Days. Farmers and Herdsmen: Your attention is called to this valuable medicine. Warranted to cure the worst case of **Garget, Kernels in Teats or Udder, Stringy Substances, Bunches in Bag, Blood or Sediment in Milk, and all other diseases of Cattle.**
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Beware of counterfeits. Be sure you get WALLINGFORD'S, which is patented.
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Vegetable Cutters,
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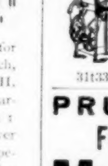
Mention that you saw this advertisement in the NEW ENGLAND FARMER. 17t41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2 TON WAGON SCALE, $40. 4 TON, $50.
4 Ton $60, Beam Box included.
240 lb. FARMER'S SCALE, $5.
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300 OTHER SIZES. Reduced PRICE LIST FREE.
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40 lb. Anvil and Kit of Tools, $10
Farmers save time and money doing odd jobs.
Blowers, Anvils, Vices & Other Articles
AT LOWEST PRICES, WHOLESALE & RETAIL.
31t33

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MAMMITINE
An article of intrinsic value, which will meet a want long felt by all dairymen and farmers for its entire cure. It is safe and reliable. Will reduce swelling in udders, remove bunches, cure bloody and stringy milk, &c. In fact, GARGET in every form has been cured by this remedy. If taken in time—before the cow comes in—it will *many times* restore blind teats to their full extent. It is prepared *expressly* to relieve certain glands that are always inflamed when a cow is suffering from this cause. CURE WARRANTED.
Sample packages (for 12 doses) sent on receipt of **$1.00**, or will send C. O. D., Express paid.
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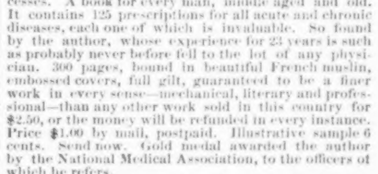

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This book should be read by the young for instruction, and by the afflicted for relief. It will benefit all.—*London Lancet.*
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Poetry.

A PRAYER FOR THE NEW YEAR.

God of the Old Year and the New,
Of seasons, fields and flowers;
God of the harvest and the fruits,
The sunshine and the showers;
God of the rich man and the poor,
Of cottage and of hall;
God of all creatures here below,
The mighty and the small;

God of what has been and will be,
The birth and end of years;
God the true fountain of our joys,
The helper in our tears;
God who directs the stormy wind,
And gives the zephyr breath;
God who presides o'er human life,
And rules the realms of death;

God who supports the tottering steps,
Of infancy and age;
God who unrolls the blanks of time,
And fills its august page;
God, who bends monarchs to his will,
Or sweeps them from his path;
God, who is seen in forms of love,
Or felt in forms of wrath;

God of the Old Year and the New,
The Nations come to Thee;
To supplicate Thy pardoning power,
They bend the humble knee;
They call Thee Mighty Ruler, Judge,
The Father and the King;
To Thee they offer praise and prayer,
And hymns of glory sing.

The Past, so full of evil deeds,
Of mistrale and of wrong,
Of gross forgetfulness of right,
Of rapine by the strong;
The Past, when men alike forgot
Thy lessons and Thy will,
And shunned Thy counsels and Thy word,
To seek for paths of ill.

That Past is now before Thy throne.
God, help us in that hour,
When we are called to meet each act,
By Thy Almighty power;
We ask forgiveness for the Past,
In Thine appointed way,
And promise that the opening year
Shall crown a better day.

God of the Old Year and the New,
A world looks up to Thee,
With bended hearts and tearful eyes,
To set the prisoners free,
To arm each heart with stronger faith,
To battle for the right,
And trust Thy promise that God
Is with them in the fight.

God of the Old Year and the New,
Thus do Thy children pray,
Hear them, oh, Father! from Thy throne,
And bring a better day.
When all shall praise Thy holy name
And do Thy sovereign will,
When God shall rule o'er the earth,
And goodness banish ill.

The Story Teller.

From Belgravia.

IN TRUST FOR SANDY.

I was eighteen years of age when poor father died and left me with myself and a stationer's shop to take care of. Mother had left *him* before I could remember what mother was like. She had come, a delicate young woman, from the Devonshire valleys, and London air and London shop life were the death of her in two years, my father had often told me. I think it was the regret of his life that he had ever brought her to London; I know it was the sorrow of his life that she had left him—left him with a sickly child to call him father, too, and to be christened by her name.

It was thought by his neighbors that I should soon follow my mother, but I struggled on, despite all prophecies, had every complaint in turn under the sun, was given up in each, and yet fought through most wonderfully. At eighteen years of age, though not a strong young woman—on the contrary, a somewhat pale-faced, black-eyed, staring girl—I saw the old man out! It was his own hard phrase, not mine—a wondering kind of remark that this should be so, being often on his dear, thin lips in the last stages of his illness.

"I have not made a will, Kitty," he said, a day or two before he died, "because there's nothing to dispute, and I have nothing to leave but the stock in trade, which is neither large nor valuable. It has just kept the two of us; keeping you alone, you may be able to save from it ten or fifteen pounds a year, if the library books hold together a bit longer, though their backs will want a great deal of gluing."

"Don't talk of all this now, Dad."

"It's business, my dear Kitty," he replied, "and I was always a business man. I should have made a will, if there had been anything to leave you, dear, of course. I'm sorry that there isn't."

"Pray don't say any more. The doctor said you were not to talk much."

"I shall have a lot to say to-morrow, though," he said, with a twitching at the corners of his mouth, which I could almost fancy might have been a smile with a little stronger effort.

Poor dad! He did not smile again; he did not speak ever any more. The morrow came and found him lying grim and unconscious, and two days afterward the little shop in Sappho street, Drury Lane, put up three of its shutters before the dingy notepaper and envelopes, the slate pencils, slates, and wafers, and the fancy stationery in general, and announced to the struggling world out of doors, that Jonas Clatterbridge had retired permanently from a business, which Mr. Humphreys said had never been any "great shakes."

"I should think he was well out of it," Mr. Humphreys added, too, a little contemptuously; but then Mr. Humphreys was a butcher, and had made a deal of money out of bad meat in general, and was the owner of the next four shops in Sappho street, my father's being one of them. Mr. Humphreys was looked up to in Sappho street, though I did not care for him myself, and poor father had once called him a pig. That was in very hard times one year, when the rent was not very easy to pay, and Mr. Humphreys said that he should put the brokers in if he was kept waiting after Saturday night, which he was not, for father sold his watch and chain, and mother's too, I think, and so distress was saved us.

We did not like Mr. Humphreys after that; we set him down as a very hard, unsympathetic man, and were only barely civil to him. But perhaps we were hard on Mr. Humphreys in our turn; it was difficult to make sure of his character, as it is of anybody's, for that matter, even one's own; for when father lay ill, and people in Sappho street were curious and inquiring, Mr. Humphreys came in every morning as soon as the shutters were down, and his son Peter came also, before he went to business, to ask after father's health, and Mrs. Humphreys sent in beef tea and sweetbread, with her love to Kitty, and her trust that I was keeping a good heart—many and many a time till all was over.

And when it was all completely over, and the shutters were down again, and I had begun to discover how very much alone I *was* in the world, and what a great responsibility the little shop seemed, now that it was wholly on my hands, the Humphreys still remained on a neighborly footing with me. Perhaps Peter Humphreys, Jr., was a shade too neighborly, considering all things, for I began to fancy that he was too regular a customer, and far more interested in my stock in trade than a young bachelor had any need to be. He was the only son of my landlord—rosy cheeked and sleeky, somewhat under five feet four in stature, not handsome, certainly, and with two little dark eyes so very unpleasantly close together that it was impossible for him to look anything but crafty and calculating with them, try how he would to hinder it, and I believe he did try sometimes, very hard indeed.

Young Humphreys, as he was designated in Sappho street, had not been brought up to the butchering business; on the contrary, he had been carefully trained to have a soul above it, by a proud, unwise, weak little mother, with a faith in her son's cleverness not warranted by any outward and visible sign which it was in the power of any one else who knew him, to detect. Young Humphreys had been brought up to look down on people in a retail line of business, and it was considered by his mother, and after a while by his father, that a big wholesale office was about the best thing for Peter's expanding genius. So young Humphreys was articled to Messrs. Treacle, Slosh & Waters, the great brewers, who condescended to accept as premium, the sum of five hundred of Mr. Humphreys' hard earned sovereigns, in order to allow Peter to wander helplessly about the brewery and try to pick up anything in the way of that information which Messrs. Treacle, Slosh & Waters had not in any way contracted to impart when pocketing the butcher's money.

And Peter picked up nothing but bad language from the men, and extravagant tastes from his brother pupils, also striving very ineffectually to pick up something in a straggling barn fowl fashion. He kept his own time at "business," and worked or not, according to his inclinations, which, it must be confessed, were toward perfect repose and peace when not directed energetically to billiards at the Hogshead Hotel, opposite, and to heavy bets upon the "striker."

"I don't think he's going on altogether right," said Mrs. Humphreys one day, to me. "He's never at home of an evening, now. He is always in the streets, or at the billiard rooms, or the Lord knows where."

"Perhaps he'll get wiser as he grows older," I ventured to suggest.

"I hope he will," the mother answered. "If he could only find some nice young woman to like him—I wouldn't mind who it was—I'm sure he would settle down, for he's as tractable as a lamb."

"Is he?"

"Does he not almost always call here before he goes to the brewery, Kitty?" Mrs. Humphreys asked me, so quickly that I almost blushed.

"He buys a great many lead pencils for the business. But I often wonder what he does with them all, or what they have to do with beer."

"Oh, I don't know. He's a clever lad; but," Mrs. Humphreys remarked, "I wish his father thought a little more of him, and didn't make his life a misery by asking every blessed night he comes home, how he is getting on now. It is very aggravating to the boy."

"Especially if he's *not* getting on well," I ventured to remark.

"Oh! but he is, *in* the brewery, you may depend on that, Kitty. But out of the brewery I should like to see him more steady like, I must say."

This was all the conversation between Mrs. Humphreys and me, but it set me thinking very deeply. It told me that the butchers were not so proud as I had thought them, and that perhaps they were disposed to patronize me, even to take pity on my orphanage and find a husband for me in young Peter Humphreys, if Peter and I were willing. But I did not like Peter a great deal, possibly not at all, and the prospect of Peter's coming into all his father's property some day, and setting up a brewery of his own, did not tempt me with a dream of greatness.

Poor dad had been dead for about three months, when the preceding dialogue occurred. They had been three busy months with me, and I was grateful for them, for they had saved me from fretting overmuch. I was lonely enough, and I felt that I had not a friend in the world; and though life in Sappho street, eternal life in Sappho street, seemed hardly worth the desperate fight it was, nevertheless the struggle had done me good. It the boy Mike was troublesome and careless, still it was some one to scold when the papers were delivered to the wrong customers, and the *Baptist Messenger* was left at the public house instead of the *Sporting Life*; and even, in its own way, Mike's putting the corner of a shutter through the top pane of glass, came to me like a blessing, for it roused my spirits, and sent my blood, as Wix's penny novelettes say, coursing through my veins.

Then there were all the rickety books of the three volume sets, to strengthen by glue and pack thread, and it was quite the midsummer quarter before I had got dear dead dad's debts in, and the shop in fair working order, and I could feel as if the place belonged to me.

Presently I found the time—ah! and the heart, too—to put my father's things in order; to open his desk, pack up his clothes, arrange or destroy all the letters and papers he had left behind him, and which he had had an old-fashioned pleasure in hoarding, and which, should anything happen to *me*, I thought I shouldn't like to have fall into the hands of strangers.

Hence I set myself a new task in the evenings, after the shop was shut, or Mike had gone home for the night, or was waiting at the pit door of the Olympic for a surreptitious chance of sneaking in with a few street friends, who were partial to theatrical performances, when the check taker's back was turned. By degrees I got matters "neat and tidy," and burned hundreds of old letters—even the love letters of the mother I had never known, and yet whom I seemed to love so much—and docketed those papers and accounts which seemed worth reserving for a while.

And at the bottom of one big box, which had been almost exclusively devoted to the epistolary correspondence of old times, I came suddenly upon a mystery—a treasure trove—a something not to be solved, or even guessed at. It was at the very bottom of the box, placed there to be out of observation, out of the way, out of temptation even, who knows, when times were bad and business was slack, and Humphreys, the butcher, was clamoring for his rent.

It was a long, blue official looking envelope—there were dozens of them down stairs, and they had been part of our unsalable stock for many years, now—and on it was written, in my father's handwriting, "*Kept here* in trust for Sandy. Midsummer Day, 1866." It was sealed, but as it was necessary to know what was in trust for Sandy, and who Sandy was—as I was sole executor, legatee, and what not, despite my not having troubled Somerset House with any claim to my little estate in the Sappho street business—I broke the seal and examined the contents of the envelope. There was no letter within, not a scrap further of any information printed or written, only—only!—the sum of £500 in Bank of England notes! New Bank of England notes they seemed, but they bore the date of May, 1866, and had evidently been lying at rest, almost from the day of their birth, at the bottom of that mysterious big box.

This was a leaf out of a fairy story to me at first, and I felt for a few moments that some good genius had made me suddenly rich, and that lo! with a touch of the wand, all the struggles for one's daily bread were over for good. I was the heiress of Sappho street, and the rose-colored light was streaming into Drury Lane, and steeping my new and altered existence in the most glowing colors. All this, as I have said, for a few moments, and then came the consciousness of the sum not being any money that I could touch, or had the right to touch—that this fabulous amount was lying here in trust for Sandy, waiting for him to come and fetch away.

"I should have made a will, if there had been anything to leave you, dear," were almost the last words which my father had said to me, and he would not have been likely to forget a sum of money beyond the brightest dreams of his prosperity. This had been Sandy's fortune, not his own, and it could not by any theory be considered mine. It was trust money, and not to be touched or thought of, if possible, again.

But who *was* Sandy? And why had he stolen away in midsummer, 1866, and not been heard of again? And why had my father not spoken of this mysterious individual? Had never in all his long life with me as daughter, friend, confidante, and general housekeeper, alluded to the person who had left him in charge of so much money? And lastly, where was Sandy now, and why had he left all his money behind him before vanishing away like a ghost? I revealed the envelope very carefully—first taking the numbers and dates of the notes with a preciseness that was worthy of a bank clerk—and then, with some grave doubts as to the safety of the receptacle provided for the treasure, let the packet rest again where it had remained undisturbed and profitless for the last fourteen years, taking no interest to itself. If Sandy should step in one fine day to No. 49 Sappho street and ask for the interest as well as the principal—if my father had exceeded his instructions when he had written, "Kept *here* in trust for Sandy," and if Sandy should be angry at the unbusinesslike character of the whole of the proceedings, what was to be done?

I fancied that had my father been spared to speak to me again, after talking of my future prospects that last sad night we had together, I should have learned the history of Sandy; I am sure it was on his mind when he faltered forth: "I shall have a lot to say to-morrow, though," and then the morrow never came!

I tried to get the matter out of my head, but it was difficult work for many weeks—it was always beyond my power to dismiss it altogether, the discovery had been so strange, and the matter of the money lying idle there, so much stranger still. I felt at first like one burdened with a guilty secret, weighed down by something that was heavy and awful on my mind. It was not likely that I could wholly forget this sum of money being in the house, with me for its sole protector, or the fact that it was enjoined, unless I misunderstood my dead father's meaning utterly, that it should wait in Sappho street till the coming of its owner.

What if I should be robbed of it one night, or one afternoon or evening when I had gone to church? was another thought to distress me, although it was not probable that any human being of felonious proclivities would imagine me to be in possession of such riches, and still less probable that I should take any one into my confidence. And by degrees I got used to possession and less nervous, and became less thoughtful of the peculiarity of my position—at times forgetting the whole matter for many days, just as my father had done before me.

There was another subject to distract my thoughts also—the marked attentions of Peter Humphreys, Jr. There was no disguising the fact at last—though I should have liked to smother it—that Peter was really in love with me. I tried not to believe it likely—for I did not admire Peter at all, or Peter's manners, and should not have had time for love making, even if I *had* cared for him, which was never, never possible. I was not romantic. I looked at things practically, mine being a practical life—and yet the pecuniary advantages of marrying Peter were certainly great at first sight, and the young lady at the baker's over the way would have given her head and ears for my chances. I had been almost sure of that, before Peter told me so himself, when he had made a clean breast of the state of his feelings, late one evening, lolling all over the new Heralds and Journals, and smelling of Scotch whiskey.

But I declined the proposal, flattering as it was to me. I did not want to get married—I had never seen any one in Sappho street that seemed worth the bother of it—and I felt firmly convinced that had I even considered Peter an eligible match, he would have drunk more and more, got more and more indolent and careless, and finally have spent every farthing of his father's money—just as it did happen years afterward without my having to share his troubles, heaven be praised!

Still, for a long time after his proposal, I had to be troubled very much by Peter Humphreys. He would not take no for an answer; he was sure girls were all changeable, and did not know their own minds, he said, and he called about twice a week—like his father's man for "orders"—to learn if I had altered my mind yet, and he sent in his mother every Sunday morning with a similar inquiry.

Peter was trying to come round me, I remember, late one autumn evening, when a very tall, square shouldered gentleman plunged, with two or three heavy steps, into the shop, and said in a quick, deep voice:

"Is Mr. Clatterbridge in?"

"*Mr.* Clatterbridge!" I said, with a little gasp of pain.

"Yes; I should like to see him for a few moments, please."

"Oh! would you though!" cried Peter with an unfeeling laugh that completely turned me against him then, if I hadn't been completely turned before; "I don't think you would, old man."

"Who are you calling 'old man?'" said the other almost fiercely, and Peter grinned again and said:

"No offense, I hope?"

"Oh! no offense. But can I"—he began again, bowing to me, and then he stopped, seeing a look upon my face which told all the truth, perhaps, for he did not repeat his question. Still I answered him.

"My father died last spring, sir."

He did not answer at once. He stood with his hands in the pockets of the light overcoat he wore, and seemed to be considering the the news.

"Indeed!" he said.

"Did you come upon any particular business?"

"I wanted to take out a subscription for your library, that's all," he answered very quickly now.

"Thank you, sir. It's half a crown a quarter."

"Here's a year's subscription, then. I think I'll take it by the year," he added, as I looked up surprised.

"Very well, sir. What name—and address?" I said.

I treated the matter calmly, but I was excited and elated. With the exception of Mrs. Humphreys, and the bedridden father of Mr. Steane, at the sheep's head manufactory, round the corner, I had no subscribers to the library.

"What name—and address!" he repeated slowly. "Oh! Brampton, Charing Cross Hotel, at present."

"Brampton, Charing Cross Hotel. Yes, sir."

It was a strange address—and a big address—to put down in my little book, but I was still calm over the transaction, looking, as I entered it in my best small hand, as if I were quite used to grand folk subscribing to the Sappho street collection.

"And what book will you take, sir?" I asked.

"Oh! I'm not particular. Have you got any poetry books?"

"We are never asked for poetry, but there are a few volumes on the top shelf, there."

"I'll take one."

"Which poet will——"

"Oh! it don't matter in the least. They're all in rhyme, I suppose. This will do."

He reached a small volume from the shelf to which I had pointed—It was on his side of the counter—and then, with a brisk "Good evening," walked out of the shop.

"That's a queer customer, and no mistake," said Peter; "did you notice how he caught me up?"

"Yes," I said very thoughtfully.

"A red Indian I should think he was."

"He was rather red."

"Fancy a toff at the Charing Cross Hotel coming into our street for a book to read. 'A poetry book,' as he called it.

"What's the matter with it, Peter?"

"Matter with what?"

"Your eye."

"Oh, your always catching me up," said Peter querulously. "You're always hard on me, kitty. You haven't made up your mind yet, I suppose?"

"There, don't let us have any nonsense this evening. Here's Mike come to put the shutters up. Good-night."

"Oh, good-night."

And Peter went off a little "tiffed"—he always left me in a fretful mood, as a rule, so his manner did not in any way distress me. But the new subscriber's did. I could not get the man out of my head—he troubled me when I began to think—he gave rise to suspicion even, but that I kept to myself, being resolved to wait and let no outward manner of my own betray to him or any one, what was in my thoughts.

He would come again, I was quite certain, and the next evening, at an earlier hour somewhat, and before Peter had had what he called his last "nip" of whiskey for the night, in he came again, with his "poetry book" under his arm.

"I'll trouble you to change this, Miss Clatterbridge," he said, placing the volume upon the counter.

"Certainly. What would you like in exchange?"

"Well, I don't know," he answered doubtfully. "What can you recommend?"

"In poetry?"

"N—no," he said, with a shudder, "I don't think I'll have any more poetry."

"Novels?" I suggested.

"No—they're not in my line," he replied. "How are you off for cookery books?"

"Cookery books!"

"Yes; they're always amusing. I would have given fifty pound for a first rate cookery book—a hundred pounds—ten years or so ago."

"Indeed!"

"You see, I was in an out of the way part of Australia—with a gold hunting gang—and the cooking was the trouble of our lives," he explained. "I have always had a great respect for a cookery book ever since."

"I am sorry there is not one in the library."

"Oh, it doesn't matter in the least. I suppose you've a volume of sermons?"

I looked at him critically. Was he making fun of me and my small surroundings? Was all this a weak little joke to embarrass me and pass away his time? Had he no reason—no fair reason—for coming to Sappho street, and had my vivid imagination carried me away?

He bore my scrutiny very well, looking back at me with a pair of steady, rather large gray eyes. It was an honest look—not the leer of the prowler or loafer; a look with no sense of fun in it, rather with an expression of sadness, kept under by strong will. Altogether, it was an earnest, even a handsome face at which I gazed, despite its sternness, hardness, and the redness that an Australian sun had burned into it. I did not distrust him, but I was sure that the motive for his coming to Sappho street and subscribing to my library had yet to be announced to me, and I fancied I knew what the motive would prove to be in time.

"I like reading sermons, if they're good ones and straightforward. I can call to mind the time when a sermon once did a deal of good—a wonderful deal of good," he repeated. "You would scarcely believe it, knowing what a heap of rubbish there is in sermons generally. But that did—straight away."

"I'm very glad to hear it. I'll see if——"

"Yes—all right. I'm in no particular hurry about the sermons, though. I'll call to-morrow, when you have had time to look the books over. They're a seedy lot of volumes, take them altogether," he added.

"Yes, they're old and worn now."

"You have been here some time, perhaps?"

Was he approaching the real motive of his presence at last? I felt my heart beating a little more rapidly, though outwardly I preserved my composure very well.

"Yes; a great number of years."

"I don't see that. You haven't had a great number of years set down to your account yet."

"Well—all the years I have had, then."

"Born here?"

"Yes; born here."

"And your mother and father died here, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Your father—was he——"

He stopped as Peter Humphreys, with a frown, came swaggering into the shop. He looked annoyed at the interruption and frowned too—or at least the grave expression of his face took a deeper shade.

"Good evening, Kitty," said Peter to me. "Quite well, I hope?"

"Quite well, thank you."

He did not take any notice of Mr. Brampton, save to puff the smoke of a very fat cigar at him, and Mr. Brampton did not appear to notice him.

"I'll call for the book to-morrow," said my subscriber, and then, with a sudden elevation of his hat to me that took me by surprise—for he had seemed of too rough, and brusque a texture for the minor courtesies of society—he went away.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

General Miscellany.

WHAT IS DONE WITH BAD EGGS?

Aged eggs are divided up among tanners, morocco dressers, confectioners and paper makers. The tanners take the yolk and never question the freshness of the product; the confectioners and paper men are eager for the foaming white. Vast quantities of the yolks are used, and only recently has it been possible for the leather men to obtain them in quantities. Twelve years ago the morocco and kid men were obliged to crack their own eggs, and the white was thrown away. Nicholas Liebeck conceived the idea of supplying them and using the rest for the purposes named above. The yolks are mixed with flour and salt, and a dough is made. This is used for sizing and dressing. Liebeck was followed in business by Metzler, and these are believed to be the only in this city, although there are a dozen in New York, some of whom have lucrative and extensive trades.

It is impossible to use machinery in breaking eggs, on account of the care that is to be exercised. The yolks are carefully separated from the whites. Folks who are fond of good things from the confectioner's should bear in mind that the only most recent of products are sold to them. At least that is the supposition. The paper men are not so particular regarding age. The white which they secure must be clean, for if a single streak of yolk should creep in, then, when the paper is sized, it will have a yellowish streak through it. These parts of the egg are disposed of by the gallon at nominal figures, and the egg men are familiar to most of the dealers. Just what prices are obtained the men refuse to state.—*Philadelphia Record.*

From The Indianapolis Journal.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHT.

BY MRS. E. V. WILSON.

"I am so weary of my home," she cried,
"And of its endless tasks so mean and small,
I long to mingle with the world outside,
To drink from life's full cup; the drops that fall
From beakers others clasp, though gladly quaffed,
Slake not my thirst, my hand must hold the draught."

She feels a little hand slip into hers,
And little fingers clinging to her gown,
And in her heart a tender memory stirs,
Of violet lids by early death shut down,
And as she lifts the little hinderer up,
"I drink," she cries, "at least from love's full cup.

"Forgive, dear Lord, forgive the foolish speech,
For love is all; without it life is naught,
Let me but have the blessings in my reach,
And I will nevermore complain of aught;
Life's cup may hold for woman what it will—
Without love's wine she will be thirsty still.

"And knowing this, how have I dared to call,
When love doth make the humblest toil divine,
My daily round of duties mean and small?
Oh! darling, press your warm soft lips to mine
While I thank God I safe at home abide,
Nor envy dwellers in the world outside."

A CONDUCTOR'S POINT OF VIEW.

One has no idea of the many tricks that are resorted to in order to beat the Company out of a paltry nickel. For instance, we will leave down-town in the evening with such a heavy load that the car is several blocks on the north side of the river before the conductor can get through the car and to the rear platform to collect the fares there.

When the car had started from the South Side terminus, this platform had been so filled that it was almost impossible to obtain a foothold, but when the conductor sings out: "Fares, please!" there are only half a dozen remaining.

Another dodge is to get on the car from the front platform about the time it reaches the bridge and the conductor has reached the rear end in collecting. This class of beats open the front door and step inside, trusting to luck not to be noticed by either conductor or driver. Frequently these parties will insist, on being asked, that they have paid their fares, and as a rule the conductor is in such doubt that they receive the benefit.

"But of course in these schemes it is the Company that suffers," said a conductor, "and people think it is no particular concern to the employe; but in the majority of cases the servant is just as indignant at the tricks as the corporation giving him employment. But they don't stop with attempts to defraud the Company—the conductor frequently suffers at their hands. I had an instance in coming down the other night. An old gentleman—no, that's not the word for such a thing as him—who is worth a cool $100,000, got on my car. It was fairly well crowded. The old man sat next to a well known attorney. When I collected his fare he handed me a five dollar bill. I gave him the exact change, counting it twice, as I always do, to prevent a mistake. Then I collected another fare, and was about to go back to the rear platform, when the old man got up and stopped me.

"'Here, conductor,' says he, 'I am an old man, and can't see very good, but I can't make out the right change here, and I think it's a quarter short.'

"'I gave the right change, I am very sure,' I said.

"'Well, count this for yourself,' said he 'You'll find it as I have stated.'

"So I counted it over, and, sure enough, the old man was apparently right. I said something about it being strange, and about that time the old fellow blustered up and wanted to know if the North Side Company paid its conductors to cheat people, and intimated that he would see that the matter went to headquarters.

"Well, a poor man with a family on his hands can't always do as he pleases, even in this land of the free; and I was about to hand him over another quarter, when the attorney, who I afterward remembered had been fidgeting around uneasily all the time, said:

"'Don't you do anything of the kind. The old man is lying, and he knows it. He has slipped that piece of money on the seat beneath him, and he knows it.'

"At first the old man was disposed to resent these plain spoken words, but the lawyer was determined, and I became more courageous when I found I had a friend. So we induced the old man to get up, and there, sure enough, was the missing coin. The old wretch made a vain effort to show surprise, and was anxious to smooth matters over; but neither the lawyer nor myself was disposed to disguise our contempt for him, and at the next street he alighted from the car. On several occasions since then he has been about to get on my car, but on seeing me, would slink away and wait for another."—*Chicago Tribune.*

GENERAL JUBAL EARLY.

A Couple of Anecdotes of the Famous Confederate Cavalry Leader.

Old Jubal Early is a character in Virginia. He is drawn up into a hard knot with rheumatism, and has a face like a hickorynut. His voice is pitched on a very high key, and he is a compound of shrewdness and sarcasm in equal parts. He was strongly opposed to secession at the beginning of the war, although he fought valiantly when fighting was inevitable. In the Virginia convention of 1861 he attacked the conduct of South Carolina bitterly. After the war had actually begun he had in his brigade a South Carolina regiment. It was observed that old Jubal was always sure to put that regiment in the most ticklish place when the brigade was under fire. During one of the battles around Richmond, Early's brigade was ordered to the front, and, as usual, Early made the South Carolina fellows head the column, squeaking out at the top of his voice as he rode up to them: "Yes, I'll send you to the front and I'll keep you there, too. You got us into this fix, and, d—n you, you've got to get us out!"

During the war he went to church only once, and his experience then was not such as to encourage him to go again. It was in the winter of 1864, when the southern states were agitating the expediency of a conscription. Gen. Early was one of the most ardent advocates of it. He talked conscription in season and out of season, and wanted to conscript everything. One Sunday morning, to the amazement of his staff, he proposed that they should ride over to a neighboring church and hear the sermon. The officers were nearly paralyzed at the proposition, but, of course, consented promptly. The country congregation was astonished at seeing Gen. Early and his entire staff march solemnly into church and take their seats in the front pews. As soon as old Jubal settled himself, he laid his head back and relapsed into a comfortable nap. The clergyman took for his subject the testimony of the truths of Christianity. After preaching an hour or two he asked:

"What would you say, my brethren, if the dead of all times and nations and ages should pass in solemn review before you? What would be your feelings at seeing this vast and countless multitude from the grave? What would you do with this army of men of all trades, all grades, all professions, all of every kind, before you? I repeat," with a whack on the desk, "What would you do."

"Do?" bawled Jubal, suddenly aroused from his nap, "I'd conscript every —— one of them!"

A roar went up from the congregation, and Jubal made a bee line for the door.—*New York Sun.*

HE LIKED THE EAST THE BEST.

I had supposed that the far west was a new garden of Eden, and that one had but to venture there to gain the wealth of a Monte Cristo. I met at the Union station, yesterday, a man whom I imagined was by this time a bonanza king, as he went westward years ago. But, if he is a nabob, he is traveling incog., and his conversation is not calculated to stimulate western excursions. He wore a shabby ulster, long hair, and a pensive, searching expression of sympathy. He greeted me as an old acquaintance at once.

"Well," I queried, "how do you like the west?"

"I like it just well enough here," said he, "to remain in the east the remainder of my days. I tell you, the east is good enough for any man who hasn't a life and death dispute with the law on hand. In the east a man above the average in smartness can get along, but go west and you find no drones. Every man you meet is on the dead run for wealth, and you must stay up late, rise early, and bolt your meals to keep up with the stragglers in the procession. There's lots of money west, and big wages. I have just come from Colorado, where I got $10 a day for driving a mule team. But——"

"That is a very good salary for that kind of labor?"

"Oh! it is, is it? Well, you go out there and see. Why, my friend, I have paid $1.50 for a cup of coffee, $2 75 for a glass of beer, and $4 for a horn-handled jack-knife with one blade. I have been in the mountains with a party when a chew of tobacco was put up at raffle, at a dollar a chance; and if the winner of the tobacco finally got away with it, he had to dodge the contents of the revolvers of the party and keep out of sight for a week. Talk about the west to me! It is a good place to die in; but I propose to live from this time out where the sun rises early, and there is no corner on the luxuries of life!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

RIDING A HORSE MACKEREL.

An Exciting Ride on a Whale by the Second Mate of the "Weepin' Susan."

"See that man?" said the captain of a cod fisherman at the Fulton market slip, pointing to a round-shouldered, long-limbed sailor who was busy scraping down the mainmast with a piece of window pane; "wall, he's rid what ain't a-goin' to be rid again. No, he didn't ride out no gale o' wind, nor no sea sarpint, nor no Davy Jones' cow. What he buckled to was a reg'lar out an outer of a hoss mackerel. I seen him do it," added the skipper, hammering the rail with a belaying pin; "and he rid him well, too. Hi! Amos, drop down a minute, will ye?"

Amos slackened away the halyard that had suspended him in mid air and lowered away, and coming forward, wrenched the reporter's arm with New England cordiality.

"I ain't much on pipin' my own horn," he said; "but as Captain Lish has made the affidavy I'm bound to stick to it. It come," he continued, seating himself on the rail, "somethin' like this: I was second mate of the mackered-man Weepin' Susan. That wasn't her registered name, but she was so master damp when close hauled that we gey her the handle sort of off-hand, and it stuck to her like burrs to a curly dog. We generally lay on and by between Biddeford and M'nhiggan, and in a stress of weather put into the first hole we could ketch. One evenin' it came on to blow, and the bull fleet got inside of Fort Popham and laid it out, a snortin' nor'easter. After she blowed out, it came on a dead calm, and the boys got on what they call a racket. There was over 300 sail of mackerel-men packed into a little harbor, so you could almost jump aboard of 'em one from another, and on each was a crew of from 10 to 15 men, making probably 4,000 men in all. Wall, about noon, somebody sounds a fog horn, and in a minute more over 1,000 of them fog horns was a tootin' like they had gone crazy, and the other hands what hadn't horns was a-lammin' on tin pans they'd yanked out of the galley, and everybody was a-yellin'. I tell ye it made a noise that made the fish shed their scales all through the bay. I'll swan ye could hear the howlin' and rarin' five miles.

"Wall the hull gang was agoin' it when our skipper noticed a big school of what we took to be mackerel right across the bay in shore. You kin bet we dropped them horns and jumped for the boats, and in a minute was under way. A half dozen of the others see what was up and put after us, but we got there first, lew over the net and was round the school in short commons. In haulin' in the net we worked into shoal water, and I was standin' for'ard and holdin' the seine, when there came a jerk and a splash, and a big fish riz right in front of me, and the first thing I knew I was on top of a hoss mackerel 12 foot long. I fell right astride of it, and in tryin' to fend off the critter I grabbed it by the gills, and Lord bless ye! in a second I was rushin' along on that ere critter's back like a steam engine. I was so took back that I hung on for all I was worth, the lads a-screamin' and yellin' so't I thought my time had come. Down went the big cuss, but he couldn't sink me on account of the shoal water. Then he turned up the beach, leadin', as luck would have it, right along one of these 'ere fences or fish wires, and goin' like lightnin', the spray a-flyin' and I a-bracin' back like I was leadin' a charge, in a minute or so we reached the fence, and the critter gev a sharp turn and dashed up along to'ards the boats again, a stretch of 200 yards. By this time the riggin's of the hull fleet was black with the lads a-screamin' and hurrahin'. I don't know how it came, but afore the critter reached the boat it slewed, and off I went, but hangin' on like grim death, his gills cuttin' into my hands like knives. But I was bound to hang on or bust, and hang on I did. My slidin' to le'ward headed the big critter in, and he rushed clean on to the flat. I rid him clean ashore, and if you kin beat that for ridin' I want to see the hoss."—*New York Sun.*

A STORY OF JUDGE POLAND.

Here is a good story about Judge Poland, of Vermont, who turns up in Congress after having been in obscurity since he was snowed under in 1874. The Judge wears now the same old swallow-tail coat with brass buttons, that warmed him ten years ago. When he is so dressed, with his white hair and smoothly-shaven face, he bears a certain resemblance to the pictures of George Washington. The Judge is very proud of this, and his friends know it. Well, one day he had a party of Vermonters at the White House, and they happened to be in the East room, which was completely shaded by the heavy curtains. A comfortable-looking Quaker, with his wife and two children, entered the farther end of the room in their sight-seeing rounds. In a corner near the Judge stood a full-length picture frame, leaning against the wall.

"Get behind that frame," said one of his party, "and we'll tell these people that it's a picture of Washington."

The Judge stepped briskly into the place. Slowly the Quaker and his brood came down the great room, he pointing out the pictures on the wall.

"Who's that?" he demanded, pointing toward the Judge.

"That's Washington," he was answered. "Do not go near. The painting is just finished, and must not be touched."

The Judge stood impassive in the shadow, gazing pensively out on the group halted a dozen feet away. At length the honest visitor found voice. Turning slowly to his wife, he said:

"Wife, we have always thought well of George Washington, but that is all over. We are temperance people; just look at that nose!" and he pointed toward the most marked feature of Poland's face, gathered up his family, and slowly marched away.

The Vermonters restrained themselves for a moment, then gave way, and only realized what they were doing by the Judge's gruff words:

"What are you fools laughing at?"

The story was told, and the next day Fernando Wood alluded to it in Poland's presence, but the latter's expression then, has deterred his friends from mentioning it in his presence. It is noticed, however, that since then, the Judge very seldom alludes to his likeness to the Father of his Country.—*Washington Cor. of Troy Times.*

A BLUE-BLOOD MARRIAGE.

It is most laughable to read the articles in the New York papers about the "blue-blood" aristocracy and the airs they put on over those who have made money in speculation or in manufacturing. The recent engagement of a son of Jay Gould to a daughter of one of the Astors has caused a new outbreak, the aristocracy which has "blood" to back it claiming that the girl is lowering herself by marrying a man whose money has been made in speculation and who has not always been rich. The Astors are considered the leaders of the blooded aristocracy, and the Goulds are considered the leaders of shoddy, whose money has not been handed down. To a common, ordinary ninespot, it looks queer to see the descendents of a man who traded in bad smelling raw furs, by which the money was accumulated, putting on style over a young fellow whose money was made in buying and selling, nice, clean, sweet-smelling railroad stocks. If you look back to the time when Jay Gould, the father of the coming bridegroom, was working in a tannery, or peddling tinware, you find an Astor, a blue-blooded Astor, spearing musk-rats through a hole in the ice, skinning the game speared and selling the pelt to make a sealskin cloak. If you are ashamed of Gould as a surveyor, how do you feel about an Astor going about in a canoe, through marshes, taking dead muskrats and minks from steel traps set the night before and baited with liver? This girl who feels that she is lowering herself by marrying a man who made money by building and buying and wrecking railroads, would probably blush to see a picture of one of her ancestors, dressed in a buckskin shirt and pants, packing green hides from Green Bay to Milwaukee, and trading them for whiskey and salt pork, two rations of whiskey to one of pork. By investing skins in real estate on Manhattan island the Astors got their wealth, but where did they get the "blood" we read about? The same blood is landed at Castle Garden from emigrant ships. All the emigrant of today has to do is to take his short-waisted coat and high water pants away out West and catch rats, and make a fortune, and he can go back to New York and put on style over the star-spangled American citizen with as much gall as the Astors do now over the Goulds.—*Milwaukee Sun.*

WOMAN'S SHARPNESS IN A HORSE TRADE.—"The women, bless their little hearts," said Mr. Drew of the Van Ness House, wiping his intellectual brow with a silk handkerchief presented to him by the American Missionary Society for furnishing the best subject for tracts. "The women can be just as sharp on a trade as the men. One winter I went to Richford to buy a horse. I found it all right, but all the time I was making a trade with the man that owned it, his wife kept raising an awful fuss about selling it at the figure I offered. If the horse was sold, she said, how would the poor children get to school, she would like to know; they wouldn't have the horse to carry them, and it was too far to walk. Finally, however, we made a trade, and I hitched the horse into a sleigh to drive home. I jumped into the sleigh, but the horse wouldn't start. I touched him with the whip, and he fixed a sad, inquiring gaze upon me. I touched him again with the same result. Then I hit him a little harder, and what do you think he did? He jumped just thirty feet into the air. I thought I was going up in a balloon. And when he struck the ground he started up a regular Maud S. gait. The fact was, you see, that horse had never been hitched single before in his life. And there was that woman taking on so about selling him because the children would have to walk to school! Oh, she was a sharp one!"—*Burlington, Vt., Free Press.*

SITTING FOR A PHOTOGRAPH.

The camera became an alarming object when the artist threw a black cloth over his head and converted himself, as it were, into one large glass eye. The patient was told not to move—a terrifying injunction. He was